

# COUNTRY LIFE

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MISS ALICE HUGHES.

VISCOUNTESS CHELSEA AND HER CHILDREN.

53, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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### AN ALTERNATIVE POLICY.

LAST week we pointed out, on this page, that the Liberal Government is not carrying with it the support of its followers in the Land Bill which has been inaugurated. It looks extremely likely that, if the Bills in contemplation are proceeded with, there will be a cleavage between the moderate and the extreme Liberals. In that case, if such a Small Holdings Bill as that foreshadowed in the speeches made by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Winston Churchill is proceeded with, a responsibility will be thrown on the House of Lords which will be unfair to it. Under the circumstances, it may not be too late to ask if His Majesty's advisers are not prepared to consider an alternative scheme. The facts of the case are too well known to need recapitulation; but attention should be directed to one or two. The first is that so far the attempt to make small holders by legislation has been a complete failure, with the one exception in the county of Worcester, where the system carried out by the County Council has succeeded for the simple reason that the ill-employed nail-makers were able to grow strawberries on their plots and sell them direct to the people of Birmingham. But, broadly speaking, where small holders have succeeded it has been due to the voluntary action of the landowners. It is so at Winterslow, where Major Poore has holdings, it is so on Lord Carrington's estate and on every other nest of small holdings. As a matter of fact, many of those who own land at the present moment would be perfectly willing to set about dividing it into small holdings if they knew what steps to take; but many are impoverished by the long depression in agriculture, which has reduced incomes in some cases by over 50 per cent., while none of the burdens of the land has been removed. The alternative, therefore, to proceeding by Act of Parliament is for the Government to strengthen the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, and to staff it with thoroughly efficient inspectors, chosen because they have experience that will enable them to judge what land is suitable for small holdings.

No one who understands the question at all will dispute the statement that if the Government began by legislation

or otherwise to set up small holdings wherever there is a county council or a district council of any kind, the result will be loss and ruin. No skill, no power that we know, or anything else can make certain light land of England so fertile as to yield a fair return for intensive cultivation. Moreover, in an Act of Parliament it is necessary to define what a small holding is, whereas in actual practice the definitions would vary with the neighbourhood. There is a gentleman in the county of Hertfordshire who is cutting up his land into tiny holdings of two acres each, and hopes to see each occupant able to support himself from it. There are many other districts where fifty acres would be a very small holding, and would with difficulty suffice for the maintenance of a family. In places such as these, what the people require is not a new system of small holdings, but rather small farms, and landlords might well be encouraged to break up such great farms as fall vacant into tenancies suitable for the occupation of small men. But even in that case they will be involved in expense which they are not very well able to afford. No doubt on many estates the buildings still remain that belonged to holdings which passed away when the rage for consolidation set in. But on others—and these are probably the majority—the buildings have to a large extent been destroyed and must be renewed; and this raises what will probably be considered the most ticklish side of the question, because the question of rent comes in. But this can be relegated very well to qualified inspectors from the Board of Agriculture. In the majority of cases it may be assumed the landowner would desire to borrow for the purpose from the Government at a low rate of interest. The condition on which these loans should be granted is that the difference between the rent of a small and of a large farm ought to be simply and solely the additional interest charged on the capital necessary for equipment.

If, for example, it were found that sheds and other buildings to the value of £200 would need building, then the interest on £200, say, 4 per cent., or, at the most, 5 per cent., would represent the addition made to the rent. All this could be easily enough arranged, because it would suit both parties to the bargain to come to an agreement. The landowner, for a great many reasons, is extremely anxious to let his land to good and responsible tenants, and if the land hunger is anything like as great as is represented by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, there must be a very large number of applicants who would be very glad to come to reasonable terms with the landlord; and "reasonable terms" in this particular instance is a phrase that can be very plainly interpreted by an official of the Board of Agriculture, as it would simply mean the rent of the district plus the interest on additional capital laid out. We need not enlarge upon the merits of this scheme, which we may say has the support of many of the most enterprising landowners in Great Britain, and especially of those who for a long time have manifested a keen personal interest in the provision of small holdings for those labouring men who wish to have an opportunity of rising in the world by cultivating land on their own account. So far we have discussed only the question of letting land, because that is the most important aspect. Those who wish to go on the soil have such a very small amount of capital to spare that they would much sooner hire than buy the land. If they were to effect a purchase the annual instalment would lie like a weight upon them until the best of their years were past, whereas if they only hire it they would have the capital that would otherwise have gone in purchase to buy implements, manure, seeds and the other necessities of the farm. For it is of little use for anyone to become a tenant of land unless he has at least four or five times the rent as capital in his pocket wherewith to stock and work it. But even where purchase were thought more desirable than letting there is no doubt that the arrangements could be made much more amicably through the agency of a friendly Board of Agriculture and the voluntary action of landlords than they would be by compulsion. At the moment we are writing, it need scarcely be said, without any regard whatever to party issues, but in the hope of arriving at the solution of a difficult problem. If the various parties interested could be brought to discuss the issues, not as bones of contention between rival political leaders, but as pure matters of business, less heat will be generated by friction, and there will consequently be much more hope of a final and satisfactory settlement.

### Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Viscountess Chelsea and her children. Lady Chelsea is a daughter of the late Lord Alington, and married Viscount Chelsea, the eldest son of Earl Cadogan, in 1892.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



AS we anticipated last week, the Small Holdings Bill for Scotland has met with severe opposition in the House of Commons. Its rejection was moved by one Liberal and seconded by another. The most valid objections taken to it were placed before the House of Commons by Mr. Munro Ferguson and Sir Edward Tennant. They are that compulsion is unnecessary and obnoxious, that the Bill would establish duality of ownership, admitted by the Solicitor-General for Scotland to have been disastrous for Ireland, and that by its machinery the State would assume full powers over landed property without accepting the responsibility that ought to go with it. Sir Edward Tennant did not put the case too strongly when he said that in comparison a scheme of nationalisation would be reasonable. By it, at any rate, the landowners would be paid for what is taken away from them. Perhaps the strongest argument used against the Bill was that it would entirely stop the outlay of capital in improvement, which has been calculated to amount to more than £2,000,000 a year. Instead of this sum, the Bill proposes that £65,000 a year should be spent. By the mouth of the Chamber of Agriculture the Scottish farmers themselves have condemned the Bill.

Horticulturists will be glad to learn that Lord Carrington has introduced into the House of Lords a Bill to protect them from gooseberry mildew and other pests of a similar nature. The only objection likely to be taken to the measure is that it does not go far enough. Everything is left to the discretion of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, which will probably make temporary regulations, as it does to protect the farmer from the introduction of diseased cattle into this country. But something stronger is needed; something, in fact, that would be analogous to the regulations which have been found necessary in France. No roots, flowers or vegetables for growing can be sent into a French port without being subjected to a very strict and careful examination. This precaution is rendered necessary by the need for protecting their vineyards. Our fruit may not be quite so valuable in this country, but it is a growing asset, and until rigorous measures are adopted for the purpose of seeing that plants and bushes coming from abroad are free from insect pests, the horticulturist will not be safe.

The decision of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries in regard to the proposed Conservancy of the Test and Itchen is now announced. The boundaries of the Avon and Stour district have been enlarged to include, under the new name of the Hampshire Rivers' Fishery District, the Hamble and Meon, the Lymington river up to the bridge on the road from Brockenhurst to Lyndhurst, the Beaulieu river to the bridge near Ipley Farm, and last, but not least, the Test to Sadler's Mill, Romsey, and the Itchen to St. Agnes Mill, Bishopstoke. As will be remembered, we were unable to discern from the evidence given at the public enquiry that there was any local desire for even a conservancy so limited on the Test and Itchen at all, while there was a distinct consensus of opinion that little good would accrue to the salmon through its existence. For the present, however, the danger to the best trout-fishing in the country has been averted; but it would be too much to assume that further attempts to enlarge the boundaries for salmon will not be made, and riparian owners and fishing lessees have wisely combined to form an association for the protection of the interests of trout-fishing in the Itchen and Test. This association has received wide support. Among the names of the original members are found those of many of the best fishermen in the Southern Counties: Sir Edward Grey, Sir William Portal, the Marquess of Winchester, Major Turle, Mr. Halford, the Earl of Portsmouth, Mr. H. Nicoll and many others.

No subject is more worthy of consideration at the present moment than that which engaged the attention of the recent conference held on road-making. Broadly speaking, the history of the road has been one of continual change in order to meet new requirements. In early times armies were entirely dependent upon the road for transport, and hence the Romans devoted

much care to the construction of durable highways. In coaching times, again, when speed became a very great object with travellers, great trouble was taken with roads, and to this day an "old coaching road" is an expression of the highest praise. Now once more the motor-car has brought up the subject. At present the condition of the average highway in hot summer weather is almost unendurable. Pedestrians, cyclists and those who drive horses are nearly choked by the clouds of dust raised by the passing motor-car. It is not a state of things than can be permitted to endure, and hence it is urged in many quarters that we should take in hand a thorough reconstruction of our roads.

The task is an immense and difficult one. It has been calculated that there are close on 30,000 miles of roads, and for their upkeep and maintenance something like 1,500 different bodies are responsible. The first requisite, then, is that the maintenance of the roads should be handed over to a central authority. This would naturally mean that the upkeep of the highway road should cease to be a local charge at all, but an imperial tax. This, too, is desirable from many points of view, because the roads of to-day are used in a less degree by the people of the locality in which they happen to be situated than used to be the case. An increasingly large proportion of traffic over a district comes from a distance, and it is only right that those who use the roads most should pay for their maintenance. Of course, all this has been set forth and argued about for many years now; but the case becomes more urgent every year, and it is to be hoped that the present Government will take the subject up energetically and deal with it.

#### SONG.

Little April, in between  
Blushing bride and tomboy,  
Half a hoyden, half a queen,  
Who's to win the day?  
Tears for leaving lusty March,  
Finger-tips for May then,  
Little April, in between—  
Must she really say?

Little April, in between,  
April undecided,  
Half she is for folded hands,  
Half for hands at play,  
Half to run with rumpled hair,  
Half for tresses braided,  
Little April, in between—  
Must she really say?

Little April, down the days  
Pages stand to greet you,  
Maidens with a starry veil  
Wait beside the way,  
Little April, in between,  
April, and you choose not,  
Father Time must take your hand,  
Someone's got to say.

H. H. BASHFORD.

Sir Francis Channing makes an admirable suggestion in the May number of the *Fortnightly Review*. It is that we should improve the agricultural education of country children by taking a hint from Denmark, Canada and the United States. Very interesting is his statement about the consolidated schools of Canada. There are gathered together those engaged in scientific and research work, while the experimental farms illustrate all types of farming, and the fullest opportunity is given to the rural teacher to fit himself for his work, while children and young people generally are enabled to catch the spirit as well as master the elementary principles and practice of agriculture. The success of the plan may be judged from the fact that a competition among boys and girls living on farms for the heaviest heads of corn and best seeds has shown in three years an improvement of 18 per cent. in the number of grains per 100 heads and of 27 per cent. in their weight. Undoubtedly the lack of practicalness is the chief defect in our English system.

The establishment of local industries in our villages is also a matter to which landlords and all those who are interested in rural life might turn their attention. In many cases it would be more correct to refer to the revival of these industries than to their establishment, for in many villages they used to exist, and have only died out through competition and the gradual disappearance of skilled workmen or workwomen. The Stonehenge woollen industry, instituted a few years ago by Miss Lovibond of Lake House, in the little village of Lake, claims to be a revival of the old industry formerly practised in the neighbourhood. The villagers, both men and women, have been taught to weave fine and durable stuffs very similar to the well-known Harris tweeds. Thus many an honest penny which would have found another destination is diverted to the pockets of the local agricultural

labourers and their sons and daughters; and the picturesque sight of a girl sitting spinning outside a cottage door is added to the attractions of this typically beautiful part of England. The industry was a short time ago honoured by a visit from H.R.H. Princess Christian, who admired and purchased some of the villagers' handiwork.

The people of Shoreham are to be sympathised with over a very considerable misfortune that has happened to their town. It will be remembered that some weeks ago a partial collapse of the locks occurred, and this has been followed by another disaster. In order to relieve pressure on the locks an outlet was made in the bank of the river, with the result that the pressure burst the bank, and the water finding its way to the sea cleared away the oyster-beds; in other words, the entire supply has been lost, the total number of oysters being roughly estimated at 150,000. This is a very serious loss indeed. We doubt very much if such a calamity is likely to have been covered by insurance. It may be presumed, therefore, that the livelihood of a number of people was swept out to sea with the oysters.

The report of the Committee on the Baronetage provides some fascinating reading for those who have been accustomed to accept everything in Debrett as gospel. One witness, Mr. H. P. Boord, stated that there were as many as 55 baronetcies that had been wrongfully assumed, while Mr. A. C. Fox Davies put in a list of 77 baronetcies which to his knowledge have been at some time questioned. The Committee are of opinion that the "doubtful cases would seem to amount to about 5 or 6 per cent. of the entire baronetage." Many of these titles have been, it appears, assumed in perfect good faith, and have been held for generations; but "there is no authority capable of deciding between conflicting claims or of condemning bad titles." This is a state of affairs that urgently demands a remedy.

Under these circumstances the Committee have thought fit to make several recommendations. One is that an official roll of baronets should be prepared and kept at the Home Office. It should be published annually and be on sale, and an individual who deems that he should be placed thereon should be at liberty to petition to be enrolled. Should the Home Secretary find any difficulty in arriving at a decision they suggest that the case should be considered by a Committee of the Privy Council. They strongly recommend that anyone who is not on this official roll of baronets should not be received at Court as a baronet or mentioned by that title in any civil or military commission. The Committee, however, have not proceeded to any drastic purgation, as they thought that where a title has gained respectability by being used for several generations a too curious enquiry would be out of place, and they do not hold that every baronet should be called upon to prove his title. The measures adopted, therefore, guard against false assumption of titles in the future, as no new name would be placed on the roll without good reason being assigned.

The growth of human feeling among the people of to-day was illustrated in a curious manner at a meeting of the Zoological Society on Monday evening, when a petition was presented by Mr. Stephen Coleridge on the subject of feeding snakes. The signatories drew attention to his statement that the pythons and other serpents at the Zoological Gardens were being fed on living animals, whereas, according to the testimony of Mr. W. T. Hornaday of the New York Zoological Park, it was not only possible, but preferable, to feed caged reptiles on newly-killed food. They therefore asked that if it was still a practice to feed the animals on goats, rabbits, guinea-pigs, fowls, ducks and pigeons, the practice should be discontinued. In reply the secretary stated that in only very few cases were live animals given to the reptiles, and that the practice was reduced as far as possible. The petition will remind the cynical of a well-known parody of Goldsmith's poem, where the poet boasts that "No sheep that range the valley free to slaughter I condemn," and goes on to tell that "the butcher kills the sheep for me, I buy the meat from him." The animals themselves if they could speak would probably assert that the one melancholy fact was that they had to be killed, and that it did not really matter much to them whether their lives were taken by their natural enemies or by man.

The satirical observer of manners might improve the occasion by pointing out that the very same people who sign petitions of this kind are in the habit of crowding to witness cases of cruelty much more prolonged and far sadder in places of entertainment. It is safe to say that, when animals like elephants are taught to go through the form of playing in intricate games, something very like torture has been employed to subdue them into obedience. It may be the case that a few tricks can be taught by kindness; but those who have actually witnessed the training of performing animals, such as lions and tigers, know that clubs and hot irons are the means most frequently employed for the purpose. It is bad enough that animals should be deprived of their natural

liberty and confined in cages; but there is a refinement of cruelty in forcing them to go through unintelligent performances on a public stage. There is all the difference in the world between that and the observation of animals, under free and normal conditions, evincing by their action the possession of at least the rudiments of a mind.

In one of the May magazines a charming account is given of the sanctuary for birds established some time ago in the Brent Valley. Some members of the Selborne Society conceived the idea that a wood still remaining in that district might be protected during the breeding season. Accordingly a bargain was made with the farmer that the wood should be properly hedged in and a keeper appointed to look after it, while persons likely to commit mischief were rigidly excluded. The consequence is that wild life has increased abundantly, and nests have been found of the missel-thrush, song-thrush, blackbird, stonechat, robin, whitethroat, blackcap, garden-warbler, willow-warbler, chiff-chaff, hedge-sparrow, long-tailed tit, wren, chaffinch, greenfinch, bullfinch, carrion crow and many others. Rabbits are numerous, and, as might be expected, stoats and weasels are not absent. The dormouse has been found, and also the grass snake. The place, too, is one where the entomologist will find much to interest him.

#### GENERATION TO GENERATION.

The love that led us through our early years:

We know not its full meaning till we see

The little children gather at our knee,

Lisping with eager prattle hopes and fears.

Then as some far carillon in our ears

Ring words long lost; again as children, we

Live for each moment, from foreknowledge free,

And life an endless picture-book appears.

So as upon the fair young heads we gaze,

The tenderness our own youth had, we give:

Beseeching Heaven to guard and guide always

Those who will follow us—maybe, to raise

Humanity to higher planes, and live

Lives that their children's children too may praise.

C. M. PAINE.

The stained and painted glass of fifty years ago was nothing less than an eyesore, as anyone who attends a church where there are windows of this date will know to their cost. The stained glass of to-day is one of the most beautiful forms of modern art-work, whether it replace the lost glories of the old windows of some ancient cathedral like Christ Church, Oxford, or be added to the charms of some new church erected, like that of Sherborne, near Warwick, by the care and piety of modern times. How much of the revival in this peculiarly interesting form of art was due to the genius of Mr. Charles Eamer Kemp, who has recently died, it would be difficult to say. It is usual to ascribe to William Morris the whole initiative and success of the revival of craftsmanship; but Mr. Kemp's share in the movement may be seen in a hundred churches all over England, and will be seen, no doubt, to even greater advantage by our descendants, when time shall have mellowed the already lovely hues of his works to the rich splendour of the few fragments of pre-Reformation glass that are left.

At this season of the year the tramp tends to become a very great nuisance on the country roads, and many people are concerned with plans to get rid of him. The individual that we all want to get rid of is the habitual tramp. It will always happen that some of the unfortunates who are at the bottom of the ladder will be compelled to take to the road, and for misfortune there is in this country always sympathy and help. But the habitual tramp is one who shirks work and prefers the lazy and irresponsible rôle of a beggar who lives on the charity of others. If there were such institutions as labour colonies in Great Britain, and the recommendation of the Poor Law Commission was practically one for their establishment, it would certainly be a public benefit to consign to their care those who are found going about without any visible means of subsistence on several occasions.

The month of cherry blossom is always of exceeding beauty, whether in Japan, or in our own islands; but it is not very often that we find it quite rivalling this year's beauty. The reason is plain. In the first place, the cherry blossom itself is much more than commonly rich and abundant; then, the spring has been very cold of nights, so that plum blossom has been somewhat delayed in its appearance. The plum is, of course, the earliest to appear in bloom; it is followed by the cherry, then comes the pear; finally, and most beautiful of all, the apple, crimson tinted. This is the ordinary familiar sequence of our most common and hardy orchard trees. This spring, in consequence of a delay in the flowering of cherry, and a still longer retardation of the plum bloom, the first three

of the series have come out nearly at the same time—that is to say, that plum blossom, cherry and pear bloom may all be seen together, in more than the usual profusion of each kind, in many of the orchards in the country round about London and to the south of it. The result of the combination is to make a picture of beauty such as is very rarely seen even in what is perhaps the most beautiful month of all the year.

Farming authorities in some of the counties are beginning to look with a very serious eye on the doings of the black-visaged rook. It is really time that they did so. He is an enemy in some degree to the game preserves, but in a far greater degree he is the enemy of the agricultural farmer. His numbers are greatly on the increase, and there is a sentiment in his favour—his “caw” is associated by the poets with an atmosphere of evening peace—which has caused him to be spared when many a far less black criminal would have been put to death without mercy. It is very repugnant to ordinary feelings of humanity to preach a crusade against any of the lower animals, yet at times it becomes almost a duty. Some of the mouse tribe seem to be in great numbers this year. The particular crusade against their ranks may be preached in the more agreeable form of an appeal to spare the lives of owls and kestrels, their particular foes. The ordinary shooting man will often enough kill a kestrel, thought-

lessly classing it in his mind as a bird of prey; but the really destructive rook he will let go by without a shot, and would probably accuse a fellow gun of “wanton cruelty” if he saw a rook shot.

The time is hard upon us again for the clipping and general tending of our hedges and for the clearance of the ditches; and again we have to lament the decay of the old trade of “hedger and ditcher,” the man who was not too proud to do this humble very necessary service. How necessary it is is shown very clearly by the condition into which many hedges are falling in different parts of the country, as a simple consequence of the lack of men able and willing to mend them properly. The labourers are apt to deem this work rather degrading to them, but even if they had the will it is very doubtful whether they have the talent to do it, for the traditional lore of the hedger seems to be lost, and we hardly know where to go to replace it. It is to be regretted that there is nothing in all that excellent series of leaflets published by the Board of Agriculture which really deals with this matter at all adequately. There is a leaflet entitled “Hedgerow Timber,” which does touch upon it, but that is all, and the absence of a fuller treatment indicates a gap in the series which wants filling almost as badly as the hedge gaps themselves. There are not, it is true, many men who could write it, but there are just a few.

## THE MOUNTAIN HARE.

THE life history of the mountain hare is the story of an endless struggle for existence against the forces of Nature and the wiles of its enemies. From the day of its birth onwards it is exposed to danger, and, unlike the rabbit, it has no burrows to which it can retreat when threatened by its foes. The latter are both numerous and powerful, and its flesh provides a succulent meal for all species of the carnivora and for the larger birds of prey. It would be no exaggeration to say that the blue hare has no friend, for man himself has become its most merciless enemy. In former days, when birds and beasts of prey were more plentiful, the check placed by Nature on the undue increase of any given species kept their numbers within reasonable bounds; but when the balance of Nature was disturbed by man, the mountain hare became so numerous as to threaten the prosperity of the sheep farmers, whose grazing they devoured. It is a common saying in the Highlands that three hares will eat as much as a sheep, and without considering the other evils which arise from their presence in excessive numbers, such wholesale destruction of



H. B. Macpherson.

BUCK AND DOE.

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H. B. Macpherson.

SHELTERING FROM A STORM.

Copyright.

grass might well account for the dislike which farmers naturally evince towards the species. As soon, however, as the Highland Railway began gradually pushing its way northwards, the blue hares, hitherto killed in small numbers merely for local consumption, were now transported in thousands to the large manufacturing centres of the South, where, for a time, they realised high prices, which, however, have been lowered in recent years by the introduction of frozen meat from abroad. Farmers now found an opportunity of recouping themselves for the damage done to their grazings, and the Ground Game Act of 1880, permitting tenants to kill them on the moorlands within specified dates, effectually checked the increase of the species. The growth of deer-forests is yet another cause which has contributed to the reduction of their numbers, and hitherto I have never seen this mentioned by any naturalist. At first sight it would appear that the effect of clearing a moor, *i.e.*, removing the sheep and stock, should be favourable to the increase of the blue hare. The contrary, however, is the fact, and I know cases where a sheep-run, formerly swarming with

hares, having been recently forested, was, in the course of a few years, practically deserted by them. The reason is not difficult to trace, for the rank growth of the moorland grasses which follows upon the removal of sheep is not palatable to the hare, and it vastly prefers the sweet tender blades which appear at frequent intervals on the sheep-runs.

Authorities differ as to the correct nomenclature of the mountain hare. Called *Lepus timidus* by Linnæus, and *Lepus variabilis* by later zoologists, modern naturalists are inclining to revert to the original name. The term "variabilis" indicates the changes in the colour of its coat, but it is noticeable that the white alpine dress is not assumed in winter except at high altitudes. In Ireland, for example, the slaty brown colour of the summer dress merely turns a shade lighter, and the few exceptions which have been noticed show but a partial change. In the Highlands, on the contrary, the whole head and body, with the exception of the tips of the ears, undergo a complete change, and the animal, as will be seen from the photographs which accompany this article, is an exceedingly beautiful creature in its winter coat. Young hares, in their first year, assume the winter coat later in the autumn than adults, and a slight tinge of brown often remains in their case on the upper parts of the back throughout the winter. This is, in my opinion, more noticeable in the case of individuals born late in the summer than in those born in the spring. Full growth is not attained till the second year. It would be interesting to ascertain whether a blue hare transported from the Highlands to a milder climate would change coat in winter. I am inclined to think that individuals would do so, but that their progeny would not follow their example. If any reader would care to try the experiment in captivity or otherwise I would willingly send him specimens. They are easily kept in captivity, and in course of time become quite tame. It is probable that in some cases, more frequently at lower altitudes than at high elevations, two litters are reared during the spring and summer months. From two to five young



H. B. Macpherson.

the islands of the Hebrides, on the contrary, they use the rocks as rabbits use their burrows, and I have been somewhat puzzled to account for this marked change in their habits. Possibly it is due to the fact that foxes and other carnivorous animals are scarce in the latter case, while on the mainland the cairns afford shelter to Reynard and to the wild cat, where it still survives. The mountain hares, like their low-ground relatives, have remarkable powers of hearing and also of scent, though the

AT HOME IN THE ROCKS.

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manner in which their eyes are set in the head renders it impossible for them to distinguish clearly objects which lie directly in their path. Hence they fall an easy prey to the poacher, and can be snared in full daylight as well as at night. It is a favourite dodge with poachers to wire the runs along the hilltops and then drive the hares up from below. The latter have ever proved an irresistible temptation to those whose inclinations lead them to defy the law, and the excellence of their flesh, together with the ready price which they command in the market, have lured many from the paths of right. When sportsmen have left the moors after the close of the season, when the sheep are on the low grounds, and the watchers and shepherds have locked up the hill bothies for the winter, the poacher sallies forth in pursuit of the mountain hare.

Hare-drives in the Highlands, owing to the causes which I have mentioned, are no longer as productive as in former days; but in many parts they are still a recognised means of providing an enjoyable day's outing for employes, tenants and neighbours. The largest bag of which I have heard during recent years totalled well over 300; but this must be regarded as decidedly unusual, though formerly double and treble the number used to be obtained on the same ground. In 1906 blue hares were more plentiful than I have seen them for many years in the Monadhliadhs, although the severity of the spring must have destroyed numbers of leverets. The species is, however, to some extent at least, migratory, and the sheep farmer, however thoroughly he may have killed them down, is at all times liable to suffer from a sudden influx of hares from the higher hills around. It is to be feared that in course of time mountain hares



H. B. Macpherson.

CHANGING THEIR COATS.

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is the average number, and, unlike the rabbit, those born in early spring do not breed until the following year. The leverets are not born blind, and can follow their mother for short distances shortly after birth. I do not think that individuals born late in the summer produce more than one litter during the following year. In the Monadhliadhs and on the hills of Ross-shire and Sutherland, where the writer has spent the greater part of his life, the hares show little inclination to live in the rocks and cairns, and only resort to these for shelter from severe storms, to escape when pressed by their enemies or when wounded. In

may become extinct, for they are a nuisance to farmers and sportsmen alike, and the veriest tyro takes little pleasure in shooting them, while to handlers of young dogs they are a constant source of annoyance. Only old and experienced pointers will pass a hare, and we have all had many a laborious and fruitless climb in consequence. While it is thus desirable to prevent them from increasing to an undue extent, their disappearance would be regrettable from many points of view; for, although their faults are many, the presence of a limited number on a grouse moor tends to distract the attention of foxes and

other vermin from the game. In excessive number they foul the ground with their excrements, and destroy quantities of young heather suitable for grouse. Their partiality for the moss crop is well known, and they tear it up wholesale to obtain the succulent roots.

From time to time a severe winter effectually reduces the number of rabbits in the low grounds; but the severest snow-storm seems to have little effect on the mountain hare. On the frozen surface of the snow they travel incredible distances at night and visit the low grounds in great numbers, while with their powerful feet they can generally reach the heather and grass below. Although all must recognise the necessity for preventing

the mountain hare from increasing to any great extent, I would, in conclusion, strongly deprecate the almost universal practice of firing at them at long ranges. At all hare-drives in the Highlands this is very noticeable, and it should be remembered that such as escape are condemned to a long and lingering death, accompanied by suffering which we can hardly realise, to which no man would condemn the most insignificant creature did he but realise the extent of its pain. With Cowper we may say:

I would not enter on my list of friends

. . . The man

Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

H. B. MACPHERSON.

## "THE TYME OF LOVE AND JOLITI."

PAVEMENTS dank and slimy after the night's rain; mud everywhere, splashed from the quick wheels of passing hansoms, packed inches deep in the gutters, softening the hard grind of the heavier traffic to a dull roll, which to the London ear means either mud or snow; a rancid, yellow fog drifting heavily through the darkened streets, bidding the blundering omnibus go warily on its way and making the underground railway a haven where smarting eyes smart less and breath comes more easily. And this is spring . . . in London! This hath "Aprille with his shoures swoote" wrought for the unhappy dweller in cities. Sadly we hie us home to sit by an unseasonable fire and brood over the havoc made by our boasted civilisation on Chaucer's "tyme of love and joliti." Then, perhaps, even as we sit in mirthless meditation, comes the post and with it a sticky bootbox, insecurely fastened with a certain untrustworthy red string only to be found among the odds and ends of a village post office. The sides bulge, the corners hang together nonchalantly, and a green stalk pokes impudently and indiscreetly

white flowers, drooping like Keepsake ladies in their languid grace, and that the fresh, pungent smell of damp soil is everywhere. Chaucer begins to sing in our hearts, and a fig for London and its murkiness! For the merry month of spring is here again—once more:

Becometh the ground so proude  
That it would have a new shroude,  
And maketh so quaint hys robe and faire,  
That it had hues an hundred paire,  
Of grass and flowers, ynde and pers,  
And many hues full dyvers.  
That is the robe I mean, I wis,  
Through which the ground to priesen is.

Even we "street-bred people" may watch, as jewel after jewel is added to the gay, green robe of spring. First comes the early primrose, Milton's "rathe," in humble penny bunches, its round country face peeping open-eyed over the edge of the flower-girl's basket, properly aghast at the vulgar uproar of the town. With it come the violets, permeating



DOUBLE CHERRY BLOSSOM.

out through a split in the cardboard. We cut as much of the string as remains tied after its passage through a too impetuous post, lift the drooping mass of snowdrops out of their crumbling prison, and spring—Chaucer's spring—fills the room! We do not need to be told now that "earth waxeth proud withal," that in the country where fogs are not, the ground is carpeted with little

the air with their gentle, penetrating fragrance, and bringing with them visions of woods at sunset, dark pines against an orange sky, primroses and violets in the field near by and anemones all about our feet. Then, before we realise it, we are in the month of May, "when all things gynneth waxen gay"; when, even in this grey city, joy is in the air and "young folk intenden

aye for to be gay and amorous," for, as Chaucer quaintly puts it, "the time is then so favourable." How he loved May, that old poet! Her song was always in his heart and on his lips. "That it was May methought then, . . ." "that it was May thus dreamed me, . . ." "May, when all the mirth is wrought, . . ." "this season delytious!" He cannot contain himself in his rapture and "syngeth blythe" as one of his own nightingales. There is no winter in his calendar. If he tells of blue ice and softly stealing snow, it is but to give colour to the pæan in honour of his "month delytious" on the next page. His knights and ladies move in a paradise of spring flowers, to the song of myriads of "smalle fowles." His Canterbury Pilgrims go pricking past the tender crops of spring; the knight could find no greater praise of his "Emilie" than to liken her to the dear month: "Fresher than May with floures newe!" he sings, gallantly. We have the goddess personified in the Marchaund's Tale of May and January, and the whole delicious, verdant creed of the poet is contained in the Court of Love. This is neither more nor less than a litany to the month of months. In a temple "shapen hawthorne-wise" the birds are at their matins; nightingale, eagle, popinjay, redbreast, turtle-dove, cuckoo, lark, even the harsh peacock, are shrilling the rapturous sum of their devotions: "thus sang they all the service of the fest." And at the sound went forth the entire court of love:

To fetch the floures fresh, and branche and bloom,  
And namely hawthorn brought both page and groome,  
With fresh garlands partie blue and white,  
And then rejoicen in their great delight.  
And each at other threw the floures brighte  
The prymerose, the violet and the gold.

Then let us "rejoicen" with them, in spite of, rather than over, the London spring. We have lost the art of revelling somewhat; life has become too hard and strenuous, we cannot dally with our golden hours. Our spring is like a jaded actress playing her old rôles season after season, pleasing the public less each year, gaining the half-hearted applause of a *succès d'estime* for the sake of the old days, Chaucer's days, when she and the public were still young and vigorous. But it is the public who are out of tune, not the actress. The spring is the same; in the fields scarlet poppies are swinging and bowing among the young corn; the hillsides are rich with "lang yellow" golden broom and the scent of Dutch myrtle is in the air. Forget-me-nots are nestling in the crannies of old walls and on the banks of streams, just as they nestled that day the poor minnesinger of Mayence stooped to pluck them for his love, lost his footing and sank for ever in the rushing waters of the Rhine. "Forget me not," he gasped as the waves closed over his head, and the name clings to the flower still. No, the fault



E. Seymour.

## SNOWDROPS.

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lies with us; we have shut spring out of our lives with ramparts of brick and mortar, we have veiled her from our eyes with a shroud of smoke, we have drowned her minstrels' voices in the roar of seething traffic, and now we sit desolate and bewail her loss, forgetting that she is beating upon the walls of the grey fortress, clamorous to be allowed to shed her radiance on the dull streets. The sudden, many-coloured crocus in the park is her herald; the gay daffodil, nodding a debonair head amid London smoke and grime, tells of her presence, and every market cart, rumbling by in the still hours of the morning, bears her message. She is beckoning to us, bidding us leave this workaday world and its trouble and roam at large in Chaucer's wonderland, his "garden that so liked me," where, gathering strength and courage from mother earth, we may sing with the old poet:

Hail eke, O fresh season of May,  
Oure month glad that syngeth on the spray.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THERE are books, of which that before us at the moment is one, which suggest some reflections on good breeding in literature. In this respect, as in others, books are of various degrees. Some are unashamedly vulgar and ill-bred. There are writers who do not seem to possess the primitive instinct of decency. They shamelessly deal with matters that the good sense of mankind has by a tacit ordinance relegated to obscurity, recognising that in the ordinary life of humanity there are occasions and functions which belong exclusively to the individual and ought to be left in privacy. In the choice of expression, as well as matter, such writers continually err in the matter of taste. They shriek and they insinuate, they are loud and self-assertive and egotistic; but these are sinners on a gross scale, whose misdemeanours are not to be considered in the present connection. Just as in life itself there are classes that have an instinct for behaviour, so as we rise in the scale of literature the standard becomes better, and the difficulties can only be shown by a finer analysis. Matthew Arnold, whose tact as a writer of prose was indisputably as near perfection as that of any English author we could name, was ever ready to stamp as evidence of ill-breeding in literature falseness or exaggeration of emphasis, the too lavish use of epithets, especially of superlatives, a frequent employment of italics, notes of exclamation and other artificial devices for attracting attention. In what is fine there is always an unobtrusiveness which is unattainable by the born vulgarian. If we were asked to name a modern writer who has escaped these vices it would be difficult to pick out a finer example than the author who, some years ago, delivered himself of a book called "Idlehurst," loved by those who know the good from the indifferent in literature, and who now, after a lapse of a whole decade, has brought forth another, which he names *Lonewood Corner* (Smith, Elder). Of Mr. John Halsham, the author, we know nothing privately or personally. Whatever is said about



M. C. Eames.

## WILD APPLE.

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him is deduced from his own pages, and these pages are not likely to attract the great body of general readers. Here is no appeal to the vulgar love of sensation and strong statement. Quietly, modestly and with a self-suppression that is almost apologetic, the author unwinds a long train of reflection that has come to him while living in a lonely country house. His ideas are not always those with which we agree. He is as full of prejudice as an egg is full of meat, and there are times when his vision does not seem to extend to the far horizon. Much that is confused and disorderly in its present appearance, we are assured, shows only that temporary squalor and confusion incidental to so much great work. Even the most beautiful house, when the builders are in the middle of their task, must to the eye of the casual observer present a mass of lime and stone, of heaps of refuse and ugly scaffolding that proclaim present ugliness. Only to the eye of the architect, he who has planned the mansion, can the beautiful dream or poem be an ever-present reality. So it is with human progress. It is easy at all times to belittle the present, because its squalor and confusion are so manifest; but in spite of that all things may be working to good purpose. So it is not because our agreement with Mr. Halsham is very extensive that we admire this book. Ours is the fascination felt of the work done by an author who is clever in the best sense of that much-used word, cultivated and reflective, yet who at the same time has the courage that never flinches from expressing his own individual views, though he invariably does it in a tone of perfect good breeding and unflinching courtesy. But to turn from these general reflections, it may serve our readers' purpose better to describe the surroundings in which our author writes. It is a part of the country which still enjoys a lulling and restful tranquillity. It is near a village which possesses an old almshouse:

Close underneath the church lies the Almshouse—our Hospital of Saint Mary and Saint John in Sheringham of the foundation of Ralph Noyes; its green quadrangle, the gaping mouths of its chimneys, its mossed red roofs, its bell-turret, its gardens, trim hedged and plotted out in little squares; its wood-yard, its Warden's lodge, are all laid out, neat and fine as an architect's plan, before the observer's eyes. About the court and the gardens move the bent, slow-pacing figures of the almsmen, or sit motionless an hour together on the benches under the southern wall. At the hours of the Rule the turret-bell calls the commoners to Chapel or to Hall; and long after the parish clock has told the hour, a slumbrous note, like a bell in a dream, gives the little world its own time.

The characters who make an appearance in the book are suited to the surroundings. There is Lady Anne "in dowdiest country things," with her "ancient barouche" and "reverend greys." There is Mrs. Sims-Bigg, "one of our leaders of society and a personage in politics." There is Mary Enderby, "one of those plain, healthy women who seem to have been about forty as long as one can remember," and in addition we have a typical proletariat, Tom Prevett, "a terrible Radical yet a very honest man," "the satyr-faced old tatterdemalion" Jack Miles "with his inseparable lurcher at heel." Besides these there is a crowd who are only labourers, "thrifless, aimless, uncontrolled, drunk or starved by the chance of a fortnight's wages." Among them is the figure of our author, one who loves the country and hates the town, who is almost choked by the foggy atmosphere of London and who thinks that even a servant maid ought to have been impressed by the "fields, the silent hillsides, the vast calm of evening upon the garden where the stocks and the syringa grew." Whether we agree with the author's opinion or not, the writing is always most fascinating and attractive. Occasionally it deals with the thoughts of the yokels about Local Government, as, for example, in the following passage, which may be commended to the notice of those who are interested in old-age pensions and outdoor relief:

There should be buildings and fields, she thinks, in every parish, something between a workhouse, a prison and a lunatic asylum, where Tom Gates and his kind should be kept out of mischief and made useful, without a penny of wages, fed and kept plainly and healthily, and put out to work in gangs under an overseer.

"And punished if they broke out or turned sulky, Mrs. Ventom?"

"To be sure! They should be well whipped if they misbehaved. Some would have to be chained up, as a rule."

"And would you allow them to marry?" I enquire.

"Well, some of them might; the best ones. Of course," she goes on, following up with some relish, I think, the deviations of her unwonted excursion amongst the foundations of society; "of course there are worthless women, as well as men, and we should have to have places for them too. And it wouldn't be only for the working classes; oh no! there'd be room for ever so many others," she goes on, in a meditative tone charged with occurring instance.

If an author has to rail against the world of our time he can scarcely find more appropriate terms than the following:

For of all generations of men we have set ourselves positively to deny the power of beauty; every device of our social economy necessitously destroys it; our very arts—not the toy-making of galleries and schools, but the workaday technic which gives our lamp-posts and railway stations and shop-fronts—are an imbecile's outrage on the Muses. For the perfectness of pleasure in natural scents and sounds, we have the reign of stench and din; most of us will breathe the sulphur and soot of a railway terminus without disgust, as they will breathe the summer wind through a fir-wood without conscious pleasure, and will find their thoughts as much disturbed by the clanking and roaring as by the murmur of the boughs and the sound of the bees in the heather. We have our minds so constantly at the telescopic or microscopic focus that we lose the power of fixing them on the outward show of things at common range.

It is, however, easy to show that here he is going to extremes, that the friendly town has far more to offer than can be guessed from the passage quoted, and that the country has its own dulness and drawbacks. "No man quickeneth his own soul,"

sang the Psalmist, and society as it is found in the modern substitute for the Globe, the Anchor and the Mermaid shows a vividness and sparkle of life that will be sought for in vain among the meadows and green lanes. However, it is a poor task to show bricks as samples of what building may be. Those who love to meet with one whose spirit is quiet and reflective, who is without rapture and without extravagance devoted to those pleasures which daylight and starshine bring, and whose mind is ever capable of moulding the present into its poetic solution, and reaching forward with curious speculativeness to the future, will find a companion of their heart's desire in the book which has given occasion to these remarks.

## FROM THE FARMS.

### SUMMER GOSLINGS.

A S a popular dish the goose has of late years fallen into a very subsidiary place, yet the summer gosling is not to be despised. It should be eaten

with green peas like ducklings, and forms a change from the latter, or substitute if the supply of ducklings fails. It is not so well known as it might be that goslings can be killed at three months old or under; these are the real "green geese," though the term is also applied to those marketed at Michaelmas. Wherever there is a farmyard and the range of a field or the roadside a few goslings should be reared, not of Toulouse or Embden-Toulouse, but the smaller cross-bred goose largely kept and known commonly by the name of Italian. These geese lay very well, and their eggs are purchasable at 6d. apiece and under. A really big cross-bred hen will cover five, an average broody hen four, though I have known one to hatch six goslings. The nest should be made on the ground, and a little sprinkling of the eggs during the latter half of the time will do them no harm. The eggs should be tested on the tenth day, and unfertile ones removed. They take thirty days to hatch, and though the shells are thick, the goslings as a rule find their way out easily. Neither are they any trouble to rear after the first two days; just at first they are very helpless. The hen and brood should be cooped on short, fresh grass, and the goslings, when they have been out of the shell twenty-four hours, may be placed on a board in front of the coop and fed on hard-boiled egg mixed with coarse oatmeal; a pan of water should be set down beside them. A little fresh grass cut with a pair of scissors may with advantage be mixed with their food. Geese are great grass eaters, and as soon as the goslings find their legs, which they do on the second day, they wander out of the coop and begin to peck at the blades of grass.



E. Seymour.

PEAR BLOSSOM.

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Let them range so that they can eat all the grass they wish to and they will not want much more food than does a duckling. Kill them before they moult their wing feathers, which they do when about twelve weeks old. If kept dry at night they rarely ail at all, and the death-rate is purely nominal. C. D. L.

#### TRAINING IN JUDGMENT.

In the current number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries an excellent suggestion is made that in our agricultural colleges at home there should be adopted the system already in use in the United States—one in which more time should be devoted to instructing the student how to form a sound opinion of cattle and livestock generally, or, as the writer puts it, "to lead the beginner to see correctly—to know what faults or merits each point of the animal presents to the eye or touch," and to attach a comparative value to different qualities. The means by which this is done at the South Eastern Agricultural College is to give the student a card, with the points of, for example, a milk cow stated on it, and ask him to apply what he sees to the animal before him. The specimen score card is as follows. It gives on the top the name and description of the cow, and also her weight and age. Then it goes on to give the following scale of points: General appearance, 25 per cent. — Temperament, active, yet

quiet to handle, 5; form distinctly feminine, lighter in fore end than in the flank or quarter, 3; quality and touch, skin soft, moderately thin, very flexible and elastic (handle over the paunch), the whole animal covered with soft, fine hair, 9; skin of an unctuous, oily nature, denoting butter-fat, action, head slightly raised and gracefully carried when walking, movement free from sweeping motion and active, 3; legs not too long, bone fine and



YOUNG STOCK.

and deep, 4; abdomen very capacious, but not baggy or unsightly, 6; flank deep and firm to the touch, 3. Hindquarters, 16 per cent.—Hips wide apart and neat (a hollow between spine and point of hips is desirable for milk), 3; quarters long, 4; pin-bones far apart, 2; tail put on level with spine, fine and tapering to a point and showing a good tassel, 2; thighs sinewy, long, thin and well bent, 5; total, 100.

joints true, 5. Udder, milk vein and escutcheon, 23 per cent. (all four quarters sound, otherwise disqualifies)—An easy milker, 2; the bag carried well forward, extending well up and wide behind, 4; teats wide apart and equidistant from each other, equal in size, well shaped and of moderate length, 2; the whole udder showing great capacity, 4; quality soft and mellow to the touch, covered with loose, elastic, velvet-like skin, showing the veins, 6; milk veins large, prominent and branched, 2; escutcheon wide at thighs and fine hair running up vertically, above the hind speens showing two oval patches of down-growing hair, 3. Head and neck, 6 per cent.—Horns fine and waxy and gracefully curved, a yellow base indicating quality of milk, face moderately long, clean cut and lean, wide across forehead, eyes bright and prominent, yet showing gentleness and intelligence,

nose healthy with large, sensitive nostrils; ears fine and mobile, well fringed with hair, inside of ear yellow, 4; neck long (compared with beef animals), fine at its junction with the head and spreading out gracefully to meet the shoulders, 2. Forequarters, 12 per cent.—Chest deep, showing plenty of room for heart and lungs, 5; brisket prominent, dewlap fine, with little loose skin, 1; shoulders well laid back, close at the points, 3; narrow at the chine, 3. Body, 18 per cent.—Back wedge-shaped when seen from above, of good moderate length, 5; ribs well sprung

and deep, 4; abdomen very capacious, but not baggy or unsightly, 6; flank deep and firm to the touch, 3. Hindquarters, 16 per cent.—Hips wide apart and neat (a hollow between spine and point of hips is desirable for milk), 3; quarters long, 4; pin-bones far apart, 2; tail put on level with spine, fine and tapering to a point and showing a good tassel, 2; thighs sinewy, long, thin and well bent, 5; total, 100.

## AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

By JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

THE Citizen Desrués sat in the front room of the first floor in his house in the Pas de la Mule, and felt partly satisfied and partly dissatisfied with the manner in which things were going in the glorious days of July, in that year of wondrous grace, 1794. He was chiefly satisfied because he had, up to now—as a deputy and, consequently, a patriot—escaped the "National Razor"—to use the familiar term applied to the destroyer of the enemies of France—and also satisfied with the fact that, as a follower and supporter of the One and Indivisible Government, he had been allowed to purchase for a very reasonable sum, which he had never yet paid to the Receiver-General of the Republic, the choice little property of the *ci-devant* Marquis de Belcœur. The Marquis de Belcœur, who had gone to his doom in the Place du Carrousel, principally, as was suspected, through the denunciation of him by the Citizen Desrués himself, and, in doing so, had sneered at the howling mob of proletariats, *vengeresses* and *lècheuses de sang*; had curled a contemptuous lip at those whom he openly termed *canaille* as they shrieked in his face, and had cried "Vive le Roi" as the executioner's assistants cut his hair and flung him on to the plank. Also, Citizen Desrués was satisfied at having found, at a time when scarcely any woman of the people would condescend to take the honest but humble position of a domestic—termed now, *une officielle*, if you please!—a young, smart and very good-looking person who was capable of acting for the widowed patriot as housekeeper, cook and general servant. A young woman who could write letters at his dictation, which every *officielle* could not do; who would read out to him at night the pages of "Le Thermomètre du jour" or "Le Courrier," and positively appear

to gloat over the lists of those who daily fed the hungry maw of Mme. la Guillotine with their heads.

"A treasure, a pink, *une délicatesse*!" the Citizen Desrués was saying to himself now, as his eye roamed over the neatness which his sitting-room had assumed since the arrival of Marie Dubois to take charge of his establishment. "I am a fortunate man. And," he went on, ruminating, "what little white hands she has for a working girl!—for the daughter of an unfortunate citizen who got shot while assisting to arrest an aristocrat. Mon Dieu!—ha! I forgot—there is no god now but those, and they are goddesses, of Reason and Liberty—what eyes! what hair! *Tiens!* If she were a little higher in the world I would almost think of offering to make her the successor of my sainted—*peste!* there are no saints now—of my departed Rosine." Which scruple was, if one thinks of it, strange for a supporter of the Government that recognised nothing but Liberty, Equality—or Death.

But still Citizen Desrués was not altogether satisfied with things in general, even in this great and glorious time of confusion, anarchy and murder. "Robespierre looks strangely at me now and again," he mused. "Le Bas almost whispered the word 'suspect' in my ear yesterday; Couthon said he had the meanest of opinions of those who blew hot and cold; hunted with the dogs and fled with the deer. What do they mean? What have I done? Nothing, except promise aristocrats their escape out of Paris (which I never intend that they shall make), in return for a bag of their hidden gold, which is worth ten thousand times as much as our miserable assignats that are worth scarcely anything."

Citizen Desrues was right in what he said. In these exciting days it required 600 francs in assignats to buy a fowl, 300 to pay for a bottle of common wine, and 500 wherewith to hire a fiacre.

The clock—it had once belonged to the *ci-devant* Vicomte de Vrilly, and had been made by Le Roy, the celebrated clock and watch-maker, wherefore *that* name on the face had had a piece of dirty paper pasted over it—struck One, upon which the worthy deputy of Belleville (Section 49) started and exclaimed: "One! And Marie not yet back. *Hein!* lunch will be late if she has purchased anything that requires cooking."

A moment after, however, he started again as now there came the click-clack of a pair of heels outside on the stairs; a smile irradiated his vulgar features and he chuckled, "Not so very late after all. Ah! what a treasure for a solitary man. What a *bonne femme!*"

Then the door opened, and the treasure came in with a basket over her arm.

"Prices rise daily, citizen," she said, "under our glorious government. Behold," and she thrust her arm into the basket and held up a fine artichoke already cooked and cold, "fifty assignats!" Whereon the citizen groaned, since every patriot found it wise to appear poor now, even though he were not so. "Four eggs for une omelette à deux—a hundred assignats." And Desrues, forgetting himself, said "Mon Dieu!" "A slice of filet cooked—seventy-five assignats," and Desrues was speechless. "Three pears—thirty assignats. Fromage de Brie—forty assignats. There is our lunch, citizen. Are you content?" And she went to the window saying, "How hot it is again!" and looked out into, and up and down, the street.

The Citizen Desrues had not exaggerated the appearance and charms of his housekeeper; perhaps he had not done them sufficient justice. Marie Dubois was above the medium height, her figure tall and slender, but well formed; a fact that not even the frouzy costume of the women of the people of that day could disguise, while the red "Cap of Liberty" she wore could not hide the luxuriance of her bright chestnut hair. As for her eyes—had they not been surrounded by dark circles which seemed to tell of sorrow in the past and of bitter tears often shed in secret—one would have said that they were superb, heavenly, as indeed they were. But those circles, combined with a pallor on her cheeks that seemed unnatural in one so young and, otherwise, so well favoured, marred all. They made the woman who should have been radiant with her youth and good looks appear almost sickly, almost cadaverous, and seemed to speak more of a melancholy, unhappy girl than one on whom—outside the horrors that now hung like a pall over Paris and all France—life should have shone resplendent as the July sun now shining above the houses in the Pas de la Mule.

"Since all but the omelette is ready, and that will not take ten minutes in the making and cooking, citizenne," Desrues said, "we shall get our meal soon. Mon amie, prepare it at once, I beseech you. I have to be at the Convention at two. There are brave matters to come under discussion to-day."

"More"—the girl paused a moment as though seeking for, or changing, the word—"sentences? Condemnations."

"Citoyenne, there will be hundreds more sentences, condemnations, ere France is purged of the foul creatures who have battened and fattened on her for so long. Sentences on the aristocrats, their friends and their supporters. But the omelette, Marie? The omelette, I implore. Meanwhile I will prepare the dressing for the artichoke."

"In ten minutes, in fifteen at most," Marie said, departing for the little kitchen below.

But when she was there she seemed in no great hurry to make the omelette or to revive the fire. Through the grimy, dirty panes of the windows, panes so dirty from long neglect that even she had shrunk from attempting to cleanse them, she gazed as well as she was able across to where a six-foot wall separated the yard from a narrow alley. Seeing, however, nothing remarkable in, or on, it—seeing, perhaps, nothing that she might have expected to see—she cracked the eggs' shells and emptied their contents into a bowl, and beat them up, and then poured them into the frying-pan and set it on the fire which she now stirred up. Hardly, however, had she done this than, once more, she glanced out through the dirty window panes and, with a start, went towards the door, forgetting all about her culinary duties.

"At last," she whispered to herself, while she felt her heart beating against her bodice as she did so. "After five months. Five months of misery—of despair. But now, now, at last!"

Opening the door gently, fearfully, as though the slightest creak it might make, or the grating of the bolt as she drew it back—the bolts of every door in Paris were shot in those days of horror by the fear-stricken inhabitants within!—would alarm the man above, she went down the yard towards the further wall over which, a moment before, she had seen the conical top of a man's hat, ornamented (!) with the tricolor ribbons. Slowly, stealthily she went, keeping well under one of the side walls so that, from this quarter, if not from the other, she should be free of observation from any of the neighbours.

"Hist," she breathed more than said. "Citizen Corporal of our brave National Guard, Citizen Bertrand, *mon brave*, is it you?"

"Si," a hoarse voice, a voice hoarse perhaps from the consumption of many glasses of cheap wine and spirits. "It is I. Is the bird in the cage?"

"Yes. And safe for another half-hour. Have you Fouquier-Tinville's warrant?"

"*Bien sûr!* after what you have declared. Shall I come in and take him now, or go fetch a comrade if he is like to show fight?"

"Nay. Such as he have no fight in them!"

"Let me do it now, then."

"Not yet. Rather let him eat his meal first. It will be long ere he gets another as good. And—and—I have something to say to him."

"Say it quickly, then. The sun frizzles the marrow in my bones. And, remember, citizenne, no backsliding; no regrets now; no remorse; no aiding him to escape. If he does so it is you who will answer for it and your head will 'sneeze in the basket' instead of his."

"Never fear. For what are you here?"

"*Bon!* I will send a comrade to the front door. I will remain here. Unlatch the wicket so that I can come in when I desire to do so."

Obedying this injunction, Marie Dubois sped back to the kitchen, seized the omelette, folded it over, and returned to the room in which she had left the Citizen Desrues, whom she found sitting expectantly at the table with a none too clean napkin tied round his neck and the artichoke in front of him, with, by it, the salad dressing in the saucer.

"Hey!" he exclaimed. "Now for it! Sit there, citizenne—there." And he pointed to a chair facing the door, and, taking the dish from her hands, began to serve out the omelette.

For a little while they talked over all that was taking place in Paris now; of the daily executions (they numbered from sixty to seventy a day at this time); of the vile aristocrats who were gone for ever from this earth; of their property seized and sold to men like himself for almost a song. And all the time the eyes of Marie Dubois were on the door that she had left ajar on account of the heat, as she had said; and her ears on the alert to hear a heavy footstep, no matter how much an attempt to silence it might be made, on the stairs. But as yet she neither saw nor heard anything.

"Sold for a song," she said now. "Sold for a song. *Grand Dieu!* Citizen, you have nought to complain of in that. You got the property of the Marquis de Belcœur for almost a song and—"

"Hsh! hsh! *amie*," Desrues said, "you mean the Citizen Belcœur. There are no marquises and no des now."

"—and you sent him to the guillotine. Be content."

As she spoke her eyes were fixed on the door. For she had heard one of the lower steps of the stairs creak. She knew what was coming.

"Nay. I sent him not to the guillotine. It was not I who denounced him. Henriot did that. But I bought his property cheap—very cheap. Unfortunately, I had, however, a soft moment at that time—I—I did what I, as a patriot, should not have done. I helped his son to escape to Jersey."

With a cry, a shriek almost, Marie Dubois sprang to her feet. "You saved his son, Claude—!"

"Claude! How come you to know his name? Claude! Answer me, I say. How know you it?"

"I know it because I am his sister," the girl cried. "Because I am Angélique de Belcœur, daughter of the murdered Marquis de Belcœur. Listen—listen, I say. I believed that you denounced my father; I thought Claude had perished in that batch from St. Lazare a month ago—and—and—I tracked you, became your *officielle*—ransacked your papers, determined to discover the means whereby to denounce you."

"Denounce me! Traitor! You would not do that."

"Not do that. Heaven help me! it was my one desire. I did not know. I deemed you viler than you are; deemed you the murderer of both my father and brother. Not do that! Miserable wretch—miserable revolutionist. It is done. In another moment you will be in the hands of the National Guard."

With a terrible cry Desrues sprang to his feet, ran to the open window and looked out; then rushed back towards the door.

"*Scélératesse!*" he cried, "there is one of them in the street below now. I am lost."

"And another here," a hoarse voice exclaimed, and the Citizen Corporal of the National Guard entered the room, his drawn sword in his hand.

"Citizen Desrues," he said now, "I arrest you for treason against the Convention, on the strength of evidence found in your papers; evidence proving you to have taken large sums of money paid you in gold, instead of in the lawful paper of the Government, by aristocrats whom you enabled to become *émigrés*, Papers found by your *officielle*, Marie Dubois—"

"Marie Dubois! Marie Dubois! Bah! Say, rather, Angélique Belcœur, daughter of the ci-devant Marquis de Belcœur. A vile aristocrat herself. Now—arrest her too."

"I will," the impartial Citizen Corporal exclaimed. "She has set the trap for you and, unfortunately for her, has fallen into it with you. Angélique Belcœur, in the name of—"

"Pollute not my ears with its name," Angélique exclaimed, contemptuously. "Arrest me if you will. I am content. His life pays for my father's. It is an eye for an eye. And Claude is safe. Thank God. Thank God."

"Allons! Allons!" exclaimed the Citizen Corporal. "To the Temple. To-morrow to the Tribunal, and, afterwards—well! we shall see. Allons! mes enfants. To the Temple." And he looked out of the window and down into the dirty alley known as the Pas de la Mule, and made a sign to his comrade to ascend and help him take away two prisoners.

As he did so there came a hoarse murmur in the air, a rumbling sound like far-off thunder, interspersed with strange, unusual noises. Mixed with a low deep growl that reached all their ears was to be heard the beating of tambours, the squealing of reed-pipes; the rumbling and murmurs became shouts and bellowings—harsh cries now penetrated the dusty, fetid alley. And, next, a word, a distinct one, rose above all other sounds—one word only at first, the word, the name "Robespierre." Then, ragged men and women tore by the head of the alley, shrieking more

words. "Robespierre est tombé," they cried. "Robespierre est arrêté. A bas Robespierre. Vive la Nation!" And women rushed into the Pas de la Mule holding their dresses up in one hand and a big stone in the other, and danced like demoniacs and let those dresses fall suddenly and dashed the stones on to the broken flags of the alley, and cried Robes as they dropped the former, and Pierres as they flung the stones down, and yelled and howled, and embraced each other, and fought and kissed and danced as though Pandemonium had broken loose; and sung "*Dansons la Carmagnole*" and "*Ca ira*," and spun round together until many of them fell breathless to the ground.

That night Angélique de Belcœur slept in a cell in the Temple and Desrues in another—if either slept at all. But a month, or less, after Robespierre had gone to his doom with many of his companions, the former came forth again a free woman. The Terror was dead with its principal administrator; the committees recognised that bloodshed was done with. A new era had set in. And there was truly no evidence against her. The Public Accuser, Fouquier-Tinville—the thousand-fold murderer!—had fallen, too, and Desrues was detained for future trial with many of his brother deputies; no evidence would be accepted from him. And, as would not have been admitted under the Terror, it was not now considered a crime meriting death to be the child of one's father, if unfortunately he should be an aristocrat. She was free, and a fortnight afterwards had joined her brother Claude in Jersey.

## THE REED-WARBLER.

**I**N spite of the fact that birds and their nests form pretty and interesting pictures for the camera, there are not a great many which lend themselves to fine decorative effect.

Pre-eminent among those nests which give the best opportunity for pictorial rendering is that of the reed-warbler. The nest suspended above the water on three or four reeds will always make a highly-decorative study; the graceful lines of the reeds conduce to a pleasing composition, while the higher actinic value of the greyish blue of the blades and stems gives better tones than the yellow and green of ordinary leaves, and there is, moreover, but little fear of the bewilderingly scattered specks of light and shade so difficult to avoid in photographing most foliage. Any attempt to photograph such a nest as that of the reed-warbler showing the eggs is likely to spoil not only the natural, but the pictorial effect; the nest suspended in the long reeds is quite sufficient, unless the bird itself can be added.

The reed-warbler does not commence to nest as early in the season as do most of its relatives, probably because the reeds are seldom tall enough until past the middle of May. Building commences while the reeds are still young, and the nests are often then clearly visible. The birds generally begin to sit in the last week of May, by which time the reeds, which grow rapidly when once started, afford better cover, and soon become

so dense that by the time the young are hatched the nest is snugly sheltered among a forest of stems and leaves.

Often a nest when built is little more than a foot above the water, but, lifted by the growing reeds, it may be three times as high when the young are hatched. The nest is neat and strongly constructed, the outside being firmly woven around the supporting reeds; a large proportion of the building material, sometimes nearly all, consists of dead reed-heads. The nest is very deep, which is really necessary to save the eggs from falling out as the reeds are swayed and bent by the wind.

Many reed-warblers nest in the large reed-beds in the fens, and on the banks of the upper reaches of the Cam. In 1904 I kept a sharp lookout for a nest at which I might photograph the birds; but although plenty were to be found, they were all in frequented places, where a tent could not be safely left. An excellent opportunity at last arose in the private grounds of the country residence of a friend. This is a very picturesque old-established place called The Willows, situated between the Ely Road and the lower fens. The greater part consists of an irregular fish-pond, fringed with a wide belt of reeds, and from the mysterious swishing bamboo-like jungle may be heard throughout the summer the sweet chattering of many reed-warblers. On or about June 14th I examined several nests; two or



W. Farren.

DEVOTED PARENTS.

Copyright.

three were in suitable situations, both as regards lighting and accessibility, but one was so much better placed than the others that I fixed upon it as the best I should be likely to find for my purpose. This nest was about 10ft. from the bank, and as the accessible side faced west, the afternoon light was most suitable. As the bird had been sitting but two or three days, and there was no fear of the nest being disturbed, I left it for a week and then bicycled over with my tent, which I erected quite on the edge of the bank, and left in order that the birds might become accustomed to it. The young



W. Farren. HEN BIRD WATCHING YOUNG. Copyright.

were hatched on June 24th, and on the 27th, armed with the camera and a supply of plates, I made my third journey to The Willows. The afternoon light was good, neither dull nor too bright; the reed-warblers were busily feeding their brood, and, in fact, everything looked very promising for the success of my enterprise. The sole cause for anxiety was the wind, which was gusty and at times swayed the reeds so far to one side that the nest was moved completely out of the area focussed and covered by the camera. In order to bring the camera as near as possible to the nest, I altered the disposition of the tent so that half of it projected over the water, which, being shallow, allowed of one leg of the camera tripod being in the water and two on the bank; and as the latter was solid turf I was able to sit comfortably behind the camera, with my feet resting on a grassy ledge below, altogether a state of ease seldom experienced in bird-photography. As there was still too great a distance between camera and nest to obtain any but a small image, I removed the front combination of the lens, and although working with a single combination necessitated a longer exposure, the gain in size of the image more than compensated. With two long bamboo fishing-rods I separated the intervening reeds, making a narrow lane from the tent to the nest. My preparations were complete and all in readiness at 3.47, and to show how little alarm is caused to birds if proper precautions are observed, I took my first photograph of one of the reed-warblers at the nest three minutes afterwards. It was very interesting to watch the olive-plumaged little birds working among the reed-stems; flitting from reed to reed, they would disappear through the jungle behind the nest, returning in two or three minutes with their bills full of insects and, clinging sideways on the upright reeds above the nest, reach down and deliver to the young the food they had brought. While attending to the nest each parent had its favourite perch; the female, which was the more industrious of the two, always settled on the reeds on the left of the nest, while

the male kept to the right. The male also perched lower down than did the female; in fact, at times the latter bird clung to the reed so high above the nest that she could only reach the open mouths of the young ones by hanging in a position which may very well be described as "upside down." By waiting and carefully choosing my time I secured some photographs of her while in this attitude, two of which are reproduced. In that in which she is engaged in cleaning the nest an extreme phase of the attitude is happily caught; the bird, its under side turned towards the camera, appears to be standing on the tip of its bill, with its body and tail in a perfectly straight line, poised vertically above. In the illustration in which she is depicted feeding the young she is presenting a back view, although her feet are clinging to the same reed and in exactly the same positions as in the "nest cleaning" picture. Although in the photograph in which she is watching the young after delivering food she is standing on another reed, yet it will be seen that her feet are disposed exactly as in the others. Gripping a reed in this way, she could apparently swing herself into almost any attitude. The male did not emulate the acrobatic performances of his mate; at least, he did not assume such extreme attitudes. When one photograph was taken of him he had just fed the young (the surest time with nearly all small birds to obtain pictures without fear of movement). Standing out clear and distinct, he remained long enough for my exposure in an easy natural attitude, which completed the graceful composition formed by the reeds.

Once, directly I had made an exposure on the female, the male joined her at the nest, and I had the mortification of seeing the exceedingly pretty incident of a pair of birds together at the nest, at a time when the camera was not ready to record it. On the hypothesis that that which had happened once might reasonably be expected to happen again, I withheld my "fire" for a time, contenting myself with watching the reed-warblers flitting to and from the nest, admiring their pretty attitudes as



W. Farren. REACHING DOWN TO THE NEST. Copyright.

they clung to the reeds, and endeavouring to identify the nature of the food they brought. This consisted, as far as I could ascertain, of the various sorts of winged insects the larvae of which are aquatic, caddis flies, small species of the Neuroptera somewhat similar to the May-fly, and occasionally a specimen of a pretty little Cambridge blue dragon-fly. At last the opportunity for which I wished arrived. The female was at the nest perched on her usual reed, and having fed the young was regarding them with an eye to sanitation, when her mate flitted on to the reeds opposite. Although I was in a state of nervous apprehension

lest the female should go, I knew that it would be risky to attempt an exposure until the male had served the young with the provisions he had brought. The female swung her body round and raised her head to give him room to feed the little ones. What a time he seemed to be about it. At last he slowly raised his head and remained watching the brood. This was my opportunity; watching closely until both birds seemed absolutely still, I made an exposure with the silent shutter, and



W. Farren.

FEEDING-TIME.

Copyright

just as the blinds of this closed the female shifted her position. However, one becomes by practice so accustomed to judge whether a movement has taken place during or after an exposure, that I felt no misgivings as to the result. It is on such an occasion as this that one appreciates the efficiency of the Thornton Pickard silent studio shutter; the two birds cannot at most have been still for more than a second, and the exposure I gave was nearer a half than a quarter of a second.

I was watching the reed-warblers for an hour and three-quarters, and counted thirty-six visits to the nest; but I am inclined to think that I missed some while attending to the camera, as my notes show several periods of five minutes each in which two and even three visits were recorded.

WILLIAM FARREN.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### WATER-LILIES IN TUBS.

THE following note from an American grower of Water-lilies, which are best planted at this season of the year, may be useful. It appeared some time ago in a magazine in America, and gives such practical information that we reproduce it: "A few years ago the Water-lily was cultivated only in a few botanic gardens, and was universally supposed to be manageable only by the specialist. But year by year it has outgrown these quarters, and proves itself to be a plant for the million. Any person possessing water and a two-gallon pail may have aquatic plants and flowers. Water-hyacinths, Water-poppies, Parrot's Feather and even the miniature Nymphæas may be grown in a vessel (wooden preferred) having a superficial area of 1 square foot. Tubs the size of oil or whisky barrels, sawn in two, make suitable vessels for a variety of Nymphæas and Lotuses. A most pleasant addition to a lawn, noticed lately, was a group of four tubs—three of them placed in a triangle, their inner edges supporting the fourth—making a pyramid. In the upper or central tub was a Lotus, its flowers and umbrella-like leaves towering up several feet high, while Parrot's Feather was trailing down over the sides, almost completely hiding the tub. In the lower tubs were red, white and blue Nymphæas, with

some other aquatics, while around the margins a few stones were placed, and interspersed with moisture-loving plants—the whole making a mound of fresh, bright green foliage and brilliant-coloured flowers all summer." Tubs, pails or casks for Water-lilies should be filled two-thirds full of good, rich loam, the roots planted 2in. deep, then be given a warm, sunny place, and kept full of pure water. At first the water may be poured off, and the tubs carried over winter in a warm cellar or under the benches of a greenhouse. One of the most satisfactory of all Nymphæas for a tub is *N. pygmaea* and the pretty yellow-flowered *Helvola*. We were looking through the interesting catalogue of Mr. Amos Perry recently, and in it the following information is given: "In gardens where natural water does not exist, pretty effects can be made with Water-lilies by the use of tubs, sinking them in the ground, and if several are sunk together the spaces between can be used for growing Primulas, Gentians, Calthas, Cyripediums and other moisture-loving plants. The cultivation of Water-lilies is exceedingly simple, the plants preferring full sun. When required for a swift stream select quiet nooks which the current does not touch; in such places they will readily become established, soon extending into the stream and taking care of themselves. In planting, use small shallow baskets filled with stiff mud or clay, covering the soil with a piece of turf, tying it over to prevent the water washing the plant away; the basket soon decays and the roots quickly find their way into the solid bottom. Short stakes placed firmly in the water to break the current, and even coarse-growing plants, such as Typhas, can be used to form a break until the Lilies become established. In all cases use clay or very heavy loam, instead of fresh soil, which I find is not good for them. The strong varieties, such as *Marliacea*, *Gloriosa* and others, prefer about 2ft. and even more of water. When first planted it is much better to plant them in a shallow spot and let the roots gradually creep into the deeper water. The smaller flowers, such as *Laydekeri* and *Odorata* varieties, succeed best in 15in. to 18in. of water, while *Pygmaea* and *Helvola* will do in 1ft. of water."

### A ROSE PERGOLA.

Several letters have been received lately in reference to Rose pergolas, and we cannot do better than quote the excellent advice given in "Roses for English Gardens." It is there mentioned that a Rose pergola should be so placed that it is well seen from all sides. One whose purpose is merely to make a shady way is better covered with leafy growths of Vine, *Aristolochia* or Virginian Creeper; for if they have not free air and space at the sides the Roses will merely rush up and extend skyward where they cannot be seen. But a pergola that crosses some open, grassy space, such as might divide two portions of a garden, or that forms a middle line in the design of one complete garden scheme, is especially suited for Roses, and a broad turf walk on each side will allow them to be seen to the best advantage. Here it may be well to observe that a structure such as this, which is of some importance of size and appearance, cannot be dabbed down anywhere. It ought to lead distinctly from some clear beginning to some definite end; it should be a distinct part of a scheme, otherwise it merely looks silly and out of place. If there is no space where it will be clearly right, it is better not to have it. There are arrangements less binding to definite design, such as pillars of Roses or arches at a cross walk, and many free uses on fences, trees and unsightly places. An arbour seat is always a good ending to a pergola, and a place where ways meet often suggests a suitable beginning. Such a place may be glorified by circular or octagonal treatment, with a central tank or fountain, and pillars of Roses to mark the points of the octagon or relative points on the circumference. But space, proportion and the nature of the environment must all be considered; indeed in this, as in the very smallest detail of procedure in garden design, just the right thing should be done or it is better left alone. In small gardens in which there is no general design there often occurs some space where one department gives place to another—as when flower garden adjoins vegetable ground—where a short pergola-like structure of two or three pairs of posts may be quite in place and will form a kind of deepened archway. The pergola proper should be always on a level, and should never curl or twist. If a change of level occurs in its length in the place where it is proposed to have it, it is much better to excavate and put in a bit of dry wall right and left and steps at the end, either free of the last arch or with the last two pairs of piers carried up square to a higher level, so as to give as much head room at the top step as there is in the main alley.

### RANDOM NOTES.

*A Lesson from Kew.*—In the interesting Kew Bulletin recently published it is mentioned that the chief piece of work in the Arboretum during the past winter has been the removal of the mud from the bed of the lake. It is nine years since this was last done thoroughly. The lake is filled by water taken from the Thames at high tide, which brings with it in suspension a large quantity of mud. In some parts of the lake it was found that this alluvial deposit had reached a depth of 1ft. 8in. This shows that a layer more than 2in. thick is being deposited yearly in some parts. At the upper end of the lake, however, farthest away from the intake, the nine years' accumulation of mud was not more than 6in. in thickness. A gang of sixteen to twenty men was employed on the work for about seven weeks, and it is estimated that more than 4,000 cubic yards of mud were wheeled out. The mud, when dry and aerated, resolves into a soil of great richness. It makes an admirable top-dressing for lawns and trees, and for enriching the borders proves to be quite as valuable as a top-spit loam.

*Two Beautiful Roses.*—The exhibit of Roses from Messrs. William Paul and Son, Waltham Cross, at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society was one of the most beautiful we have seen in recent years. The plants were bent with the weight of flowers, and those of Waltham Bride

created great interest. The flowers hang thickly on the supple shoots, and individually have a distinct charm; they have several petals, but can scarcely be called double, as the yellow stamens may be plainly seen. Its freedom of blooming is remarkable, and the same may be written of a variety called *The Nymph*, which has pure white single flowers, thickly produced on the slender shoots. These Roses should be largely grown in pots for spring blooming, to bring the sweetness of summer to April days.

*Plants for Shady Borders.*—We think shady borders, those that get little or no sun, would be a greater success were the soil more carefully prepared. They always seem to have an unwholesome, damp, heavy look, due to a want of preparation. Such borders should be well dug, at least 2ft. deep, and wood ashes, lime rubble and road scrapings mixed with the soil to sweeten it. When this is done a number of plants will succeed. These may be put in at once, and should include Day Lilies, the Japanese Anemone (*A. japonica*), Aconite, German Iris in variety, Foxgloves, *Campanula latifolia*, *C. rapunculoides*, Christmas and Lenten Roses, Leopard's Bane (*Doronicum plantagineum*), *Galega officinalis* and its white variety *alba*, Pansies, Polyanthus and Primroses, Musk, Forget-me-nots, Evening Primrose, Lily of the Valley, St. John's Wort (*Hypericum moserianum*), *Geranium ibericum*, the Scarlet Lobelia, and a host of bulbs, Daffodils, Tulips, Lilies,

Spanish Bluebells (*Scilla campanulata*), Snowdrops and Crown Imperial. The plants will flower later, but strongly.

*Manure for an Herbaceous Border.*—In the recently-published Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society occurs the following instructive note on manuring the border: "When, as is sometimes the case, it is undesirable for some reason to dig a border and work in stable manure, the following mixture should be applied in March: at the rate of 2oz. of kainit, 1oz. of guano per square yard. Immediately afterwards mulch the border with well-rotted manure; this will supply humus to the soil, assist the retention of moisture, keep the roots cool, and do away with the necessity of digging."

*The Double-flowered Peach.*—A tree that should be noted by all who wish for brilliant colour-pictures in the spring of the year is the double-flowered Peach called *Prunus persica flore rubro pleno*, a terrible name, but necessary to give if one is to obtain the true variety at the nursery. The flowers may be described as a deep carmine-crimson in colour, and they cluster thickly on the leafless branches, giving a ruddy glow to the whole tree. Its effect in the landscape is remarkable. We noticed a tree close to the rock garden at Kew; the sun burst out and lit up the flowers, bringing out this crimson colour, filled, as it were, with the sunshine itself. A beautiful tree, and not too large for gardens of moderate size.

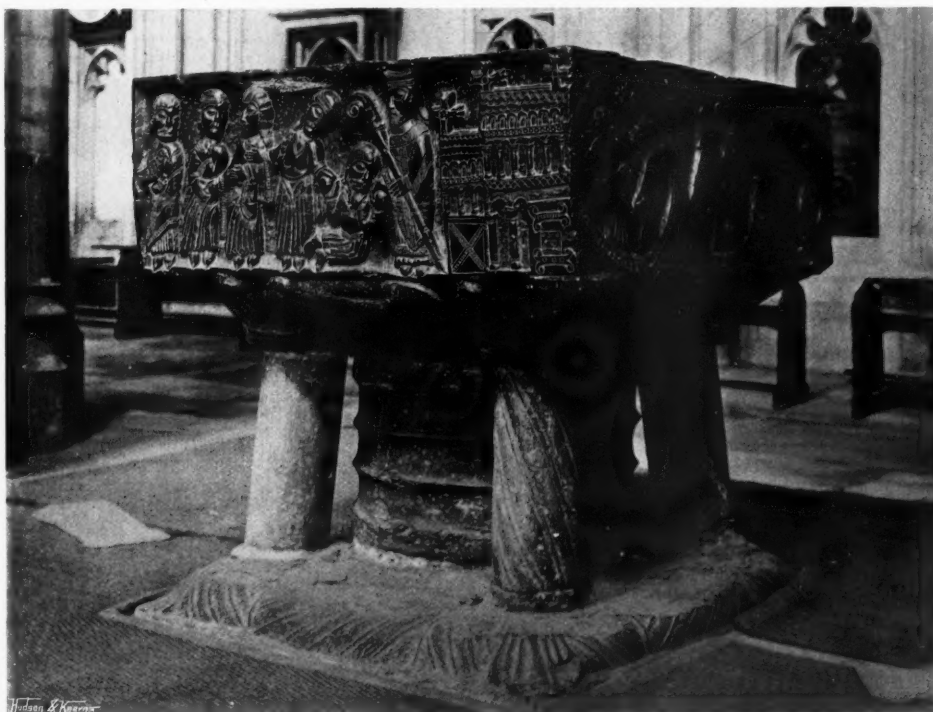
## BLACK FONTS IN HAMPSHIRE.

THE four fonts here illustrated form part of a group of seven in England. They are to be found in the cathedral at Winchester, St. Michael's Southampton, East Meon, and St. Mary Bourne. They are made of hard black marble, still found in the neighbourhood of Tournai in Belgium, and at one time were thought to be of Saxon origin; but Dean Kitchin, in a paper read before the Archæological Association, has conclusively disproved this by pointing out that the bishop's mitre depicted in the one at Winchester was not recognised as part of a bishop's official dress until the end of the eleventh century; also that the fame of St. Nicholas first became known in England by a play written by a Benedictine monk in 1125 A.D. Their date may, therefore, be given as between 1150 and 1200. The roughness of the carvings is, no doubt, caused by the hardness of the material of which they are constructed. We will now proceed to describe them in detail, taking first the one in Winchester Cathedral, which is probably the best known and finest example. The south and west sides are carved with figures



C. H. Eden. THE FONT IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL: WEST SIDE. Copyright

descriptive of the life of St. Nicholas. The south side shows him giving marriage portions to the three daughters of a poor nobleman. On the west side there are two distinct stories, but the figures illustrating them are curiously jumbled together. The three heads on the left represent three boys, who had been murdered by an innkeeper, who is shown standing over them with an axe in his hand—his wife behind looking over his shoulder. No sooner had he finished, and deposited the bodies in his sausage-tub, than St. Nicholas knocked at the door asking for a night's lodging, and expressing a desire to sup off the three murdered boys. The innkeeper recognised his visitor, and, after his crime had been confessed, they are restored to life by St. Nicholas, as shown by the next figure on the right. It is from this legend that St. Nicholas has become the patron saint of children under the curious contraction of Santa Claus. The other scene on this side is descriptive of the story of a nobleman who, in thanksgiving for the birth of a son, went with his son to make an offering of a golden cup to St. Nicholas. On the way the son filled the cup with water, but in doing so fell into the water and was drowned. The nobleman, however, still proceeded with his journey, and on his arrival at the shrine offered up a second cup that he had had made, but on doing so it was three times thrown



C. H. Eden. THE SAME FONT: EAST AND SOUTH SIDES. Copyright



C. H. Eden. FONT AT EAST MEON: DETAIL OF NORTH SIDE.

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EAST MEON: FROM THE EAST.

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GENERAL VIEW OF THE EAST MEON FONT.

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down; St. Nicholas finally appearing with the son restored to life, and the cup, as shown by the two figures on the extreme left. The horizontal figure in the centre, no doubt, represents the son and cup in the water. In the boat are to be seen—on the right the nobleman, in the middle his son, and the captain with the tiller under his arm. The remaining two sides contain three circular medallions, on the east side drinking doves and bunches of grapes, and on the north two doves and a beast in the centre. The one in St. Michael's, Southampton, has medallions on each side, three sides containing representations of fearsome beasts, and on the fourth, which is placed next to the west wall, on the right a winged figure (probably St. Michael), and on the left an eagle. The four outside pillars are modern. St. Mary Bourne has the largest font of the four, the sides being 3ft. 7in. across. The four outside pillars are missing, and the carvings are simply bunches of grapes and archading with drinking doves above. The font at East Meon has figures carved on two of its sides, that on the north representing the Creation. On the extreme right, a representation first of Adam, then of Eve, Eve taking the fruit from the serpent's mouth, and Adam eating it. The east side continues with the expulsion from the Garden of Eden, and an angel teaching Adam to dig and Eve to spin. The south and west sides have archading similar to St. Mary Bourne, one with a frieze of doves and animals. An interesting fact about these fonts is that the large central column was hollow originally to permit of baptism by immersion. Fuller details of these fonts may be found in the "Victoria County History of Hampshire," from which most of the information contained in this short account has been compiled. C. H. EDEN.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### THE FORK-TAILED KITE

IT is to be feared that at the present date this bird has been completely banished from Scotland as a nesting species; but twenty years ago, and even less, it nested regularly in some of the Scottish deer-forests, and in one forest that I know of a nest still remains in a large pine tree, in a wonderfully good state of preservation when one takes into consideration the number of winter gales and snowstorms it has withstood. The feathers of the kite, especially the tail feathers, were in great request for the manufacture of salmon flies, and this probably hastened the bird's extinction, as it was regularly trapped by keepers. A keeper lately told me rather an amusing story in this connection. A trap had been set, and an unwary kite was soon caught. The keeper, thinking the bird was dead, so still did it remain, pulled out the tail feathers and threw the bird to the ground, where it remained motionless. He then turned round for a moment, and when he looked back, what was his amazement to see the kite rise from the ground and sail off, apparently none the worse for its exciting experience! In the mountain districts of Wales a few pairs of these birds still remain, and, as they are afforded full protection during the nesting season, they may still retain their hold; but, should this protection be removed, in a very short time indeed the kite will have gone to swell the already too large list of birds which, although once numerous in this country, have, mainly through the greed of collectors, now become extinct as nesting species.

## THE WOODCOCK'S SPRING NOTE.

The woodcock at this season of the year throws off his winter shyness, and flies at nightfall over the woods where his mate is sitting. This trait in the woodcock's character is especially interesting, for during the winter months he lurks in the woods, and it is very exceptional to see him flying openly in the evening. About March 15th, however, he apparently throws off his reserve, and every evening, just as dusk is coming on may be seen flying over the woods, with curious vibrating wing beats, so unlike his flight when flushed in the winter. Every now and again he utters his sharp note, "Chisik!" which can be heard at quite a long distance. Packwards and forwards he flies, all the while uttering what is probably his love-song, until darkness; but after dark I have never heard one. This curious performance is gone through regularly till late June or early July; but I have never once known of its happening at a later date. I think this is one of the most interesting features of the bird, and am surprised never to have seen it mentioned by any other writers. Sometimes two birds may be seen chasing each other, and all the while uttering their note very loudly and rapidly. The woodcock is a very early nester, and I have seen the hen sitting on her eggs amid the snow. Sometimes the eggs are laid as early as March, but April is the usual month to find them. The nest is generally made among the bracken and undergrowth in woods, and the birds seem to be very partial to clumps of birches. A slight hollow is scraped in the ground, and here the hen lays three or four eggs, usually four, but not, I think, invariably, as is the case with the other waders. The eggs are most difficult to discover, and harmonise in an extraordinary manner with their surroundings. Of a buffish ground colour, they are very prettily marked with spots and blotches of a rich brownish red, the larger end being more thickly covered. As a rule the eggs are not so pyriform as those of the golden plover or curlew, but vary considerably. The hen is a very close sitter, and as long as she thinks you have not seen her will sit perfectly motionless, crouching low on the nest.

## DO THEY CARRY THEIR YOUNG?

In early May the young are hatched, and almost immediately are able to leave the nest and run about. Lately a great deal of uncertainty has arisen as to whether or not the parent birds are able to carry their children should occasion demand it. That they do so I have not the slightest doubt, and in one instance that I know of the old bird carried one of her young across the river Dee. It would be interesting to know whether she brought it over again after the danger had passed, as otherwise she would have had two or three young on one side, and the remaining one on the other side of the stream. Apparently the mother bird carried the chick in her claws. Another rather curious fact in connection with the woodcock is its very late nesting. As late as July 28th I have seen a nest with the young just emerging from the shell, and as the usual nesting month is April, it would seem as though this was a second nesting, and keepers tell me that they have seen eggs as late as August. Formerly it was thought that most of the woodcock were only winter visitors to this country, and retired North to breed; but now many of the birds nest in Scottish forests.

## UNUSUAL NESTING OF A BLACKBIRD.

In April of last year a blackbird built her nest and laid her eggs in a small pine tree in our grounds. After the first brood had left the nest the latter was left undisturbed, and only a day or two elapsed before the bird returned and repaired it, laying another clutch, and rearing a second brood. This in itself was very unusual; but more extraordinary still, this spring the nest had again been repaired and another clutch laid. I am fairly sure the bird is the same one, as she had each time sat exceptionally closely. In another case that I knew of, a blackbird nested in an unoccupied thrush's nest, but I have never before known of a blackbird returning to the same nest three times in succession.

SKTON P. GORDON.



C. H. Eden. FONT AT EAST MEON: NORTH AND EAST SIDES.

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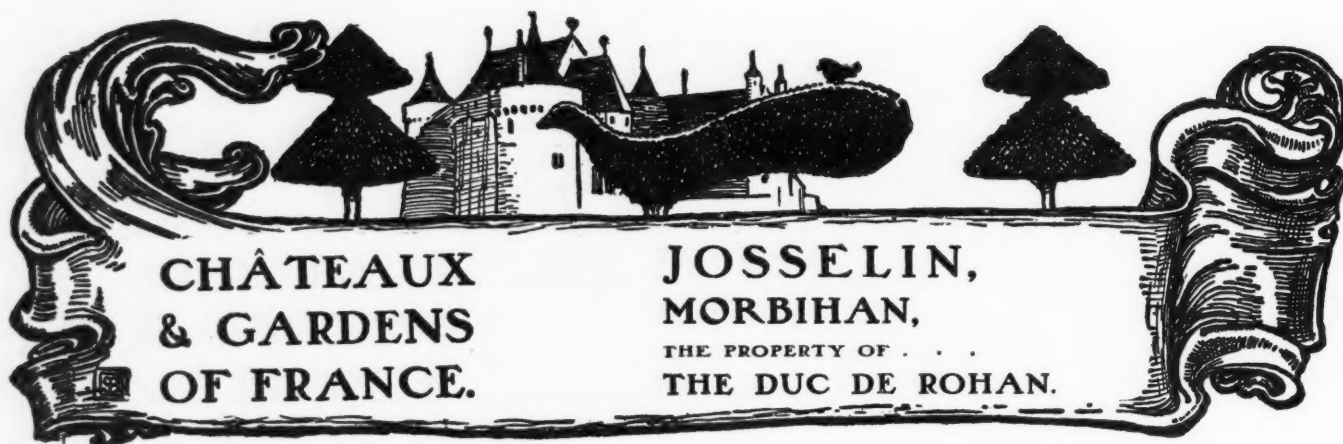
C. H. Eden. FONT IN ST. MARY BOURNE: FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

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C. H. Eden. ST. MICHAEL'S SOUTHAMPTON: EAST &amp; SOUTH SIDES.

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"Des héros trépassés  
Tu garde la mémoire  
Tours remparts et fossés  
Coutez-nous leur histoire."

THE traveller from Paris by way of Chartres, and westwards through Le Mans, finds little change in the country-side until he has passed Laval. But at Vitré the fortifications of a frontier become evident; and just beyond Rennes is Montfort, a name as significant in England or in Provence as here. Further west still and a little

to the south is Ploërmel. He is in Brittany, and France is many a league behind. Though it has changed Nantes from a Breton capital to a French provincial town, the valley of the Loire is too far southward to touch with its royal influences the rough land of oak and granite we have reached. The Morbihan, a department fashioned from the south-east corner of the ancient Duchy, is itself a "little sea," as the old name calls it, a province with as many islands as there are days in the year; and even as far inland as the stronghold of Clisson the Constable, the home of the mighty family of the Rohans, the walls of Josselin are

carved with sea monsters and encrusted with seaweed, though they are sheltered from the Atlantic gales by the sturdy buttress of the Landes de Lanvaux. From St. Malo to St. Nazaire, and from either to the apex of the triangle at Ushant, the land is dominated by the wind and spray of ocean, by its rugged strength, its fatal and unceasing mystery. Anne, the last Breton Queen over the Bretons, was in her way typical of the race—independent, obstinate, superstitious, brave, with the silent courage of the sailor sinking in a storm. It was her good ship the *Corde-lière* that in 1513 went down fighting, ablaze from stem to stern, and dragging with her the English vessel to which she grappled in her last death agony. In the War of Succession, which desolated the Duchy in the fourteenth century, "Jeanne la Flamme," that Countess of Montfort whom Froissart likens to a lioness, broke through the besiegers' lines at Hennebon and burnt the French camp before they could get near her. Against her another Jeanne, Countess of Penthievre by birth and Princess of Blois by marriage, was struggling for the crown of Brittany. And yet a third Jeanne, whose husband was beheaded in Paris during these quarrels, brought up a son so valiantly to warfare that he became Olivier de Clisson, Constable of France.

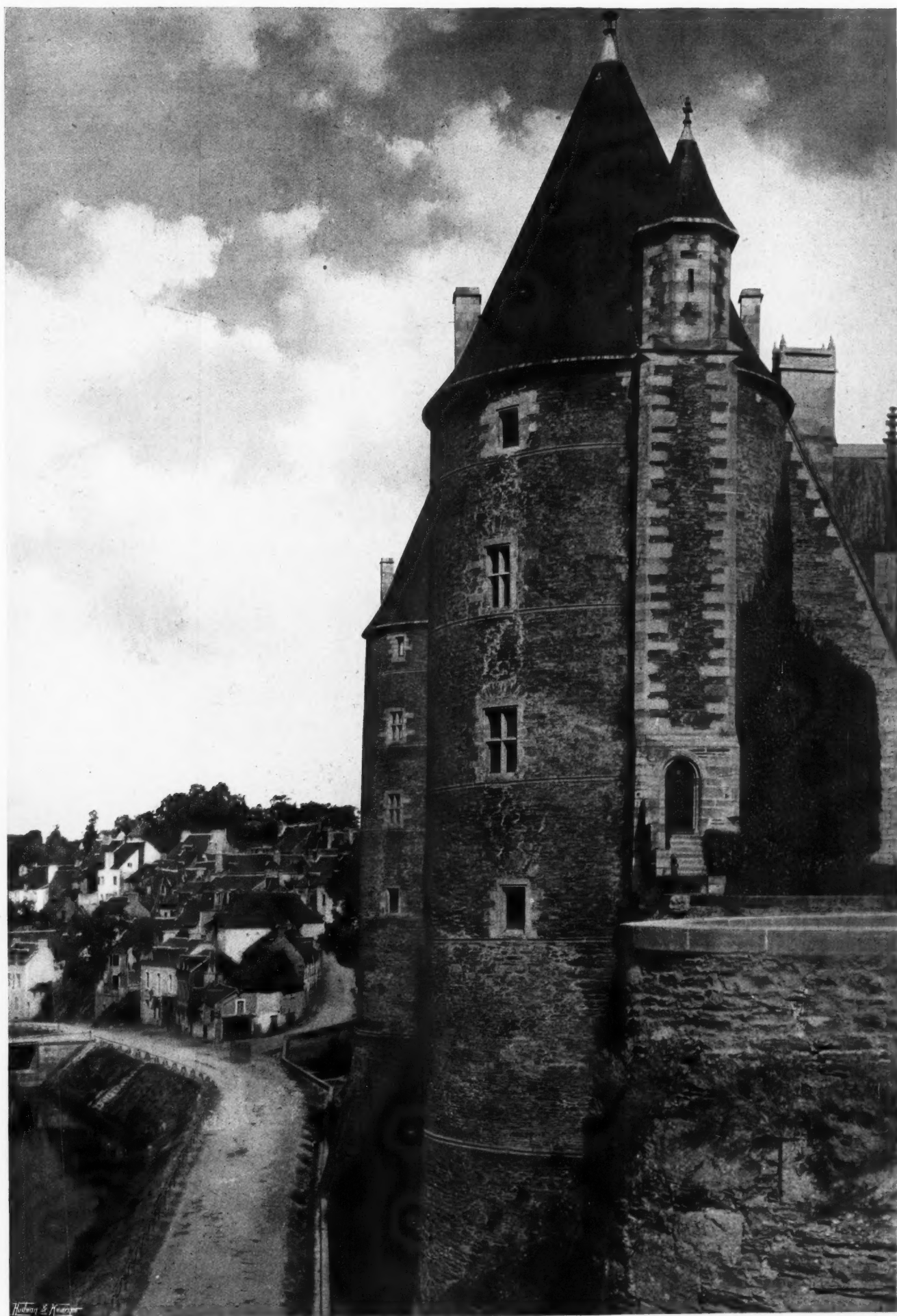
Where the women could do so much, the men have been no less adventurous. But with a difference. Mother and wife, sister or daughter, the Breton women have from the earliest years learnt what it is to weep at home while their men are drowning; and that long sorrow sometimes bursts into a torrent of unchecked resentment that sweeps all before it. The men are steadier, more oppressed with grim realities. It is no imagination which they



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SOUTH TOWER, RIVER AND VILLAGE FROM TERRACE WALLS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

face; they sail each day upon the sea that shall engulf them in their fathers' and their brothers' common sepulchre; they return home freed for a moment from its perils to no ecstasies of extravagant delight. The wind that stirs their cottage door has swept across the grave that waits for them beyond the rollers of the beach. The beating of the wings of Death is in the air they breathe. The monuments of a dead

moan of Merlin, imprisoned by the cruelty of pale-faced Vivien in these haunted forest glades. Through the sea-mist the scanty sunbeams rarely struggle. It is the dominion of magic and the moon—the kingdom of Morgana and her baleful charms; and over all broods the vast and silent melancholy of a dying race.

The Castle of Josselin sums up the contrasting elements of the Breton character, both in its history and its architecture.



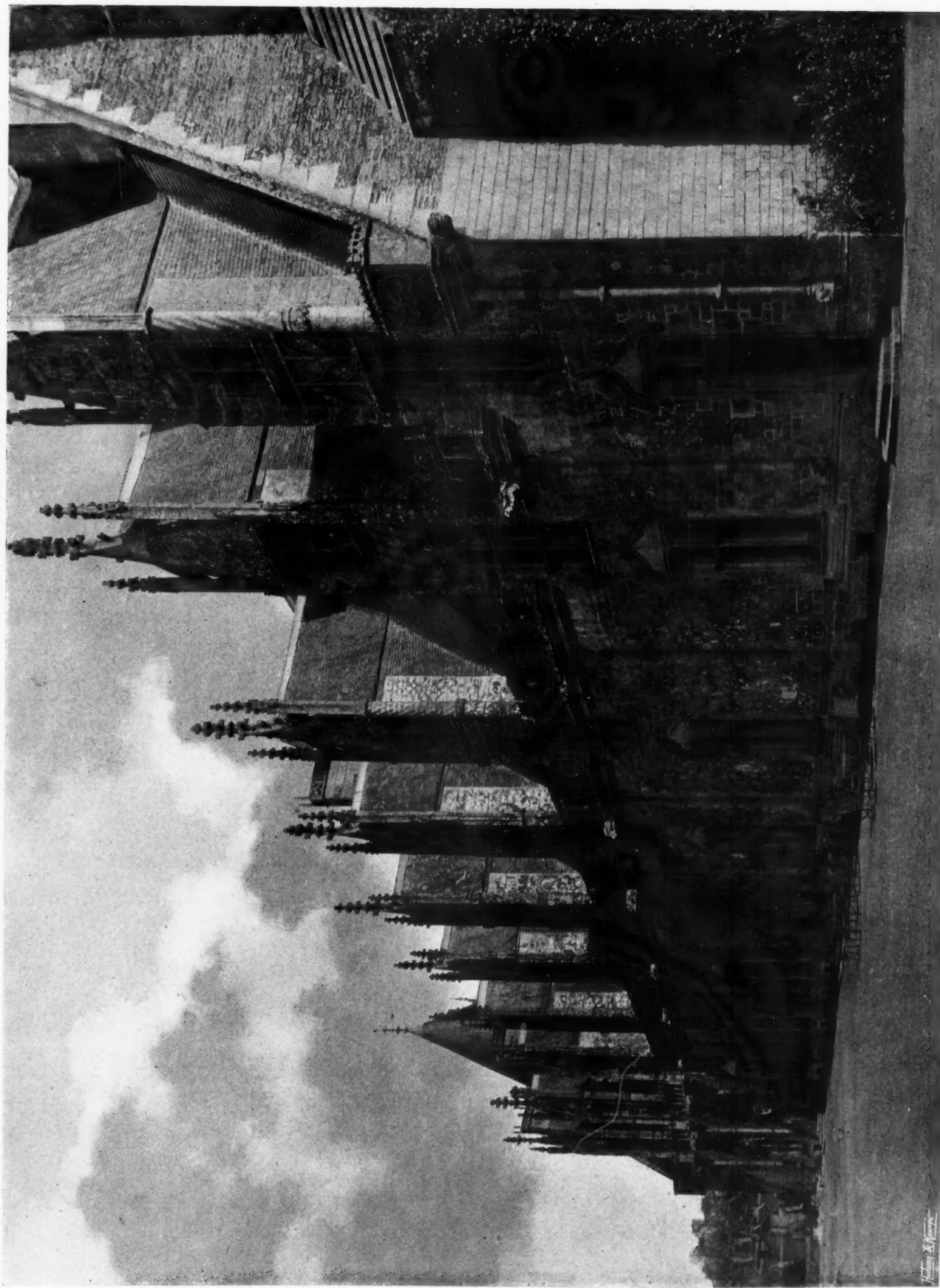
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DETAILS OF WINDOWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

faith and a forgotten people are in all their fields. Throughout the sombre moorlands of the Morbihan, its ancient hatreds, its old wars, its blood-stained feuds have left an imperishable memory. Cromlech and dolmen and menhir blot with the horror of their mysterious shade these valleys of the shadow; and even their gigantic bulk of stone seems scarce enough to guard in their unquiet graves the quickening forms of ancient evil that are ever ready to emerge. The oak trees rustle with a sound as of the

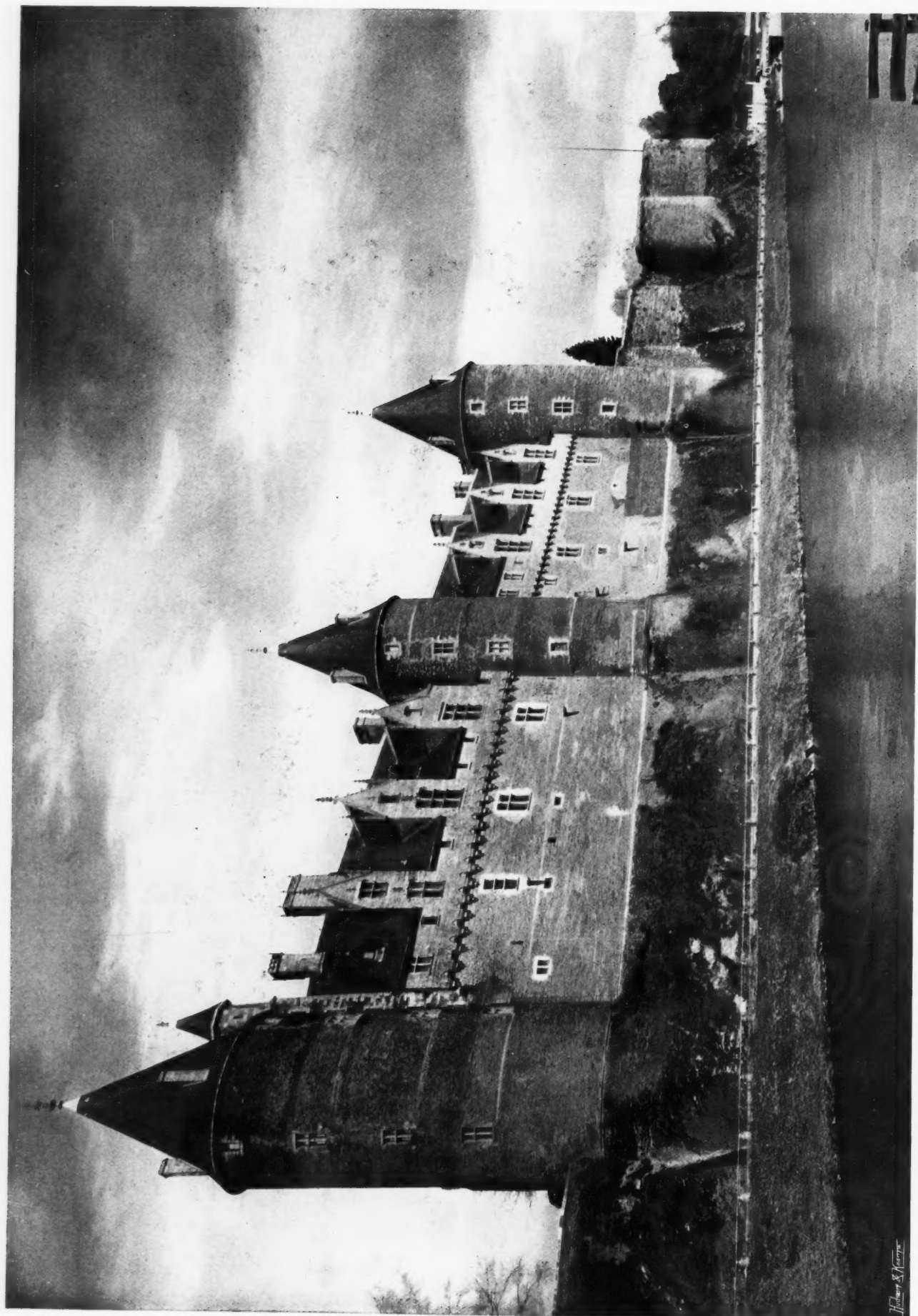
During the drive of rather less than ten miles from Ploërmel you pass the scene of one of the most famous exploits of chivalry, the combat of the thirty English against thirty French which will be told hereafter; and it was to the lofty towers which rise so proudly in their strength above the river Oust that the English wounded were taken after the battle. "Ou Guerriers ou Poètes. . . ." The fighting side of the castle fronts you as you come. Within it is the poet's dream. It might be Bertrand Duguesclin with



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THE FACADE.

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JOSSELIN; FROM THE RIVER.

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FROM THE GARDEN.

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## FRETTED STONEWORK

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Tiphaine la Fée behind him. It is Marguerite de Rohan's beauty protected by Olivier de Clisson's strength. Their statues lie side by side within the church of Notre Dame du Roncier. Their bodies were scattered by the furies of the Religious Wars. But in death they were not divided, and if his strong soul guards the towers that rise to-day above the river, her gentler spirit hovers still among the lace-like tracery of the windows on the inner court.

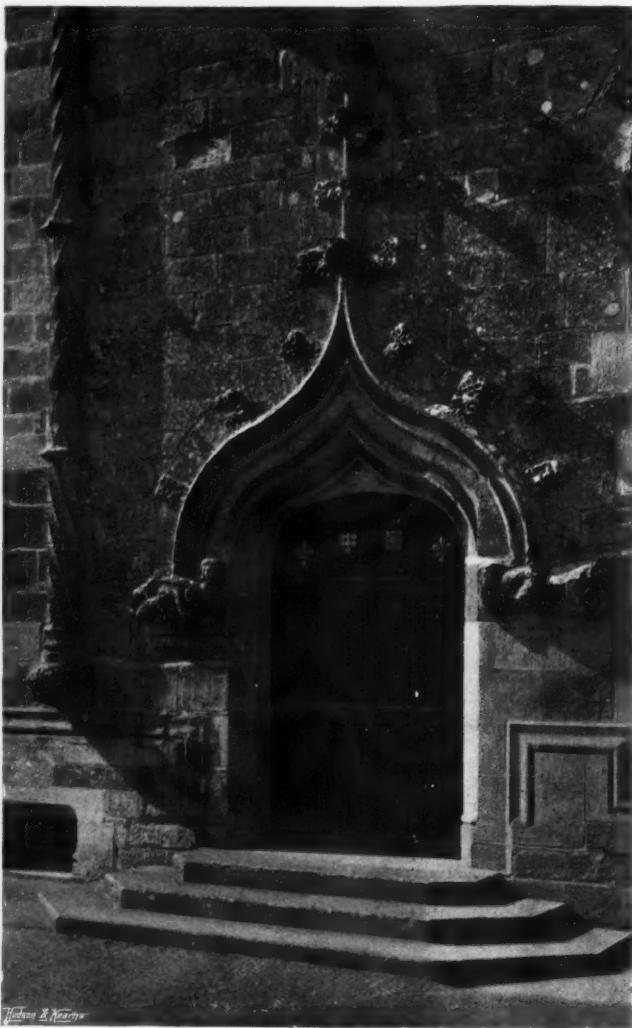
Looked at from across the stream of Oust, the castle has so many typical aspects of the Gothic fortress that it is only by an after-thought you realise the meaning of those dormer windows breaking the roofline above the row of machicolated battlements. The three great towers plunge strongly down towards the stream, based firmly on the sturdy rock that has been rough-hewn to receive their mighty cylindrical foundations. The walk across the bridge and through the overhanging houses of the town increases the feeling of Gothic age, which is yet again emphasised as you pass the porch of Notre Dame du Roncier. There is a great gateway at the entrance to the castle court, and yet another, standing alone in the distance, which mark the boundaries of the ancient fortress; and then comes change. Clisson has had his way; 'tis Marguerite de Rohan greets you on the other side.

The machicolated battlements have become an exquisite balustrade, on which the Rohan device, A PLUS, is carved among the foliage beneath the crowns and marguerites and fleurs-de-lys. The windows are delicately fretted over with carving in low relief; they open wide to receive the light and receive it more abundantly. The narrow slit, fit for an archer's bow, has broadened into gracious lines, meet for a hostess who can face the sunshine unafraid. The Gothic pinnacle and trefoil are there, above the main door, upon each side of the windows. But a new spirit has informed the whole. These sculptured

dormers are grouped in a new symmetry, their lines are ordered one above the other, their openings so placed as to give the perpendicular divisions of the main design. Within, the same simplicity of arrangement as is still seen at Langeais marks that the development has not yet attained the height of Chambord or Azay le Rideau. But the beginning of the new world is here, among the endings of the old—among those twisting serpents of scaled stone that writhe from the

Gothic gargoyle down the Renaissance wall. The façade reminds one irresistibly of the more elaborate Palais de Justice at Rouen, where the windows are so richly treated that the whole scheme seems subordinated to their perfection only. But Josselin was a less complex building. This façade as we see it was finished before 1511, and the outer walls above the river were built by Alain IX. de Rohan soon after 1440. The impression of peaceful and pleasant architecture has been increased in our day because Richelieu destroyed part of the fortifications left in his time; and the old plan of Clisson's stronghold can be traced best in the low containing walls of the upper garden, which are built along the exact outlines of Clisson's donjons and embrasures. The moat is gay with flowers now, and outside it the ground slopes still further to the trees and water and the shady paths of the home park where I sat one spring afternoon and forgot that Bretons could be melancholy.

Within the library of the Duchesse de Rohan, herself a poet and a singer of the history of Josselin, are many tokens and remembrances of the men and women who have passed beneath its walls. Here is a fragment of the dress of Marguerite de Clisson; the hair of Blanche de Castille, mother of St. Louis; a strip of a Venetian flag captured at Lepanto; the cross held by a noble kinsman of the house when he was guillotined; the robe of the Duchesse de Berry



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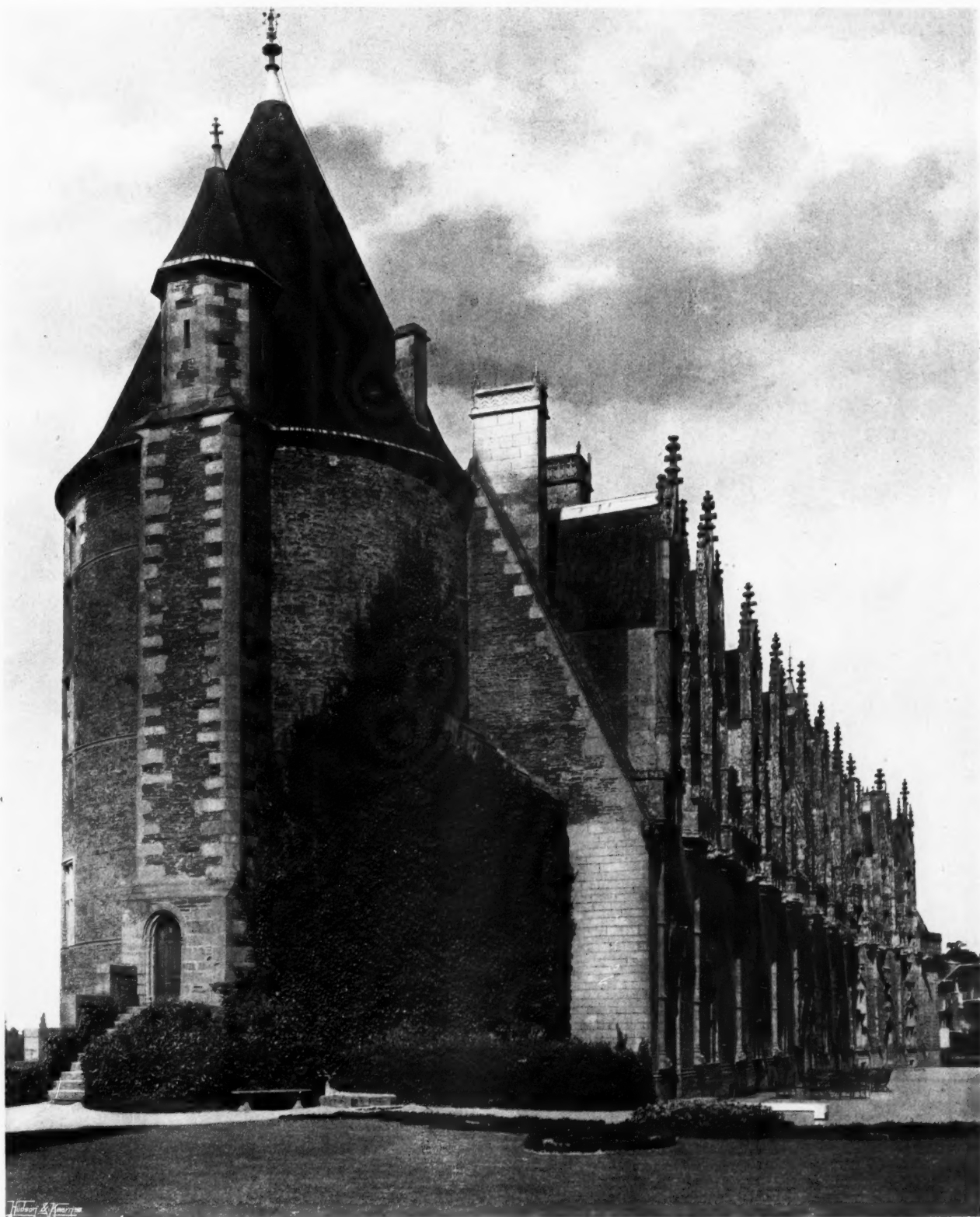
## A DOORWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

all blood-stained at the murder of her husband. And so from the thirteenth century to the nineteenth the records of the place are mingled with the records of French history. Here are the portraits of that wife of Alain de Rohan who was daughter of the first Francis, Duke of Brittany, and of Jeanne de Navarre; of Marguerite de Rohan, who married the Comte d'Angoulême and became grandmother to "François qui est tout français," the King of France. In the great hall is Frémiet's splendid statue of the Constable, with Clisson's proud

Bretagne (1498), of Jehan de Rohan (1516), and of Pierre de Rohan (1513), Marshal of France, of whom something more must be said later.

The horrors of the Black Death fell upon Europe from 1347 to 1349, and the Morbihan, desolated and impoverished by so much warfare, was yet again depopulated. Truce or no truce, Brittany seemed ever scourged by mediæval demons. But no tribulations could lessen the courage of her sons, as was well seen in that glorious fight of March 27th, during the fourth week of



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A PERSPECTIVE VIEW FROM THE SOUTH

"COUNTRY LIFE."

motto, "Pour ce qui me plet." Round the walls are the escutcheons of those royal and princely houses into which the Rohans have from time to time been allied by marriage. England, Scotland and France are there, with Flanders, Lorraine and Luxembourg, with Brittany and Navarre and Parthenay, with the great houses of Sully and of Uzès.

In the church of Notre Dame du Roncier, above the tomb of Clisson and his wife, are the effigies in stained glass of Alain IX. de Rohan (1457), of Marie de Lorraine (1455), of Marguerite de

Lent, in 1351, on the spot now marked by a granite obelisk that has replaced the Oak of Mivoie, halfway from Ploërmel to Josselin. I translate from Froissart:

In that year Sir Robert de Beaumanoir held Josselin for France and Charles de Blois, with a garrison composed of many of his own men, and many hireling soldiers; and it befell on a day that he came before the town and castle of Ploërmel, whereof the Englishman Sir Richard Bamborough was captain, with a garrison of English, Germans and Bretons for the Countess of Montfort; and Sir Robert with his men pressed eagerly past the

barriers and looked for those that were within to issue forth, but none came out. So when he saw this he went nearer still beneath the walls and summoned the captain to a parley. Then Bamborough came out, and each gave the other loyal greeting and assurance; and Sir Robert spoke and said:

"Bamborough, have you no man-at-arms within there, yourself or some other, two or three, who will joust at sword and lance with two or three of us for the love of their ladies?" Then Bamborough answered him that their ladies would in no wise desire so ill an end for them as but one joust, seeing that this was an adventure very swiftly finished, and that such deeds savoured rather of headstrong foolishness than of honour or esteem.

"But," said he, "I will tell you what we will do if it pleases you. Take a score or thirty of the men of your garrison, and I will choose as many of mine, and let us fare forth to some field meet for the combat where

all the sixty made great store of armour, and looked well to their harness and their weapons.

When the day fixed was come Bamborough's thirty men heard mass, and armed themselves and fared to the appointed place, and alighted all of them from off their horses, and strictly forbade all those who had gathered to look on that they should lift a hand in the matter, either to aid the one side or to harm the other; and so did the thirty men of Beaumanoir. Some long time then did the thirty English stand waiting for the thirty French; but when the French were come they alighted down on foot as well and gave the orders that had been agreed upon. Five of them, however, remained on horseback at the entry to that place, and five-and-twenty stood up on foot against the English. So when they were face to face they gave each other greeting and talked together a little all the sixty in courteous

agreement, and thereafter drew asunder to each side, and made the on-lookers and the partisans of each stand well back from the field of combat. Then on a sign from one of them they speedily rushed together to the onset and fought very mightily in a great heap together, and rescued each other bravely whensoever any soldier fell.

Right soon after the fight was joined, one of the French was slain; but the others slackened not the combat one whit for him, but stood to it right valiantly and loyally on both sides, yea in so much that each might have been a Roland or an Oliver. Who held himself the best or who fought best, I cannot soothly tell, for never thereafter was one held to have done better than his comrades; but they fought so far forth that at last all lost their breath and had no strength or power left.

So since cease and rest they must, they stayed their hands by mutual agreement, each moving to his own side, and called a truce until such time as they had reposed themselves; and the first man ready should summon the rest. Four French and two Englishmen lay dead, and the others of each side lay long and rested. Some of them drank wine which had been brought in bottles for them, and others did up their harness where it was unjointed or bound up their wounds.

When they had thus refreshed themselves, the first who rose up made signal to the others, and the battle began again as hard as ever, and lasted long and long. They used short swords of Bordeaux steel, strong, straight and sharp; and long swords; and daggers; and some fought with axes; and they smote and dinged each other mightily. Some there were who wrestled in bodyholds and so smote their enemy without sparing. Well may you ween that many a feat of arms was bravely shown that day by men of both nations fighting body to body and hand to hand. A hundred years before had never so great a deed been done as this was.

So after they had fought like honest champions and had right loyally sustained themselves throughout this second bout, the English in the end began to have the worst of it, for one or two of the French, who, as I told you before, had stayed on horseback, rode right upon the English and broke them into very sad disorder, insomuch that Bamborough, their captain, was slain forthright, with eight others of his men. So the remainder gave themselves up prisoners when they saw that no hope

or rescue was to be looked for, since run away they ought not and they could not. Then Messire Robert, and those of his comrades who were left alive, took those Englishmen and led them prisoners to Josselin, and gave them to ransom very courteously when they had healed them of their wounds, for there was none there that was not wounded, whether of the French or of the English.

The names of all these sturdy fighters have been preserved in poems of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; but Froissart specially mentions Yvain Charuelz, a Breton knight, whom he saw at the King of France's table, "with his face still so scarred and hacked about that he showed how hard the fight had been." Enguérand du Edin of Picardy was another; and Hugh of Rancevaux was a squire who had done valiantly. But the most



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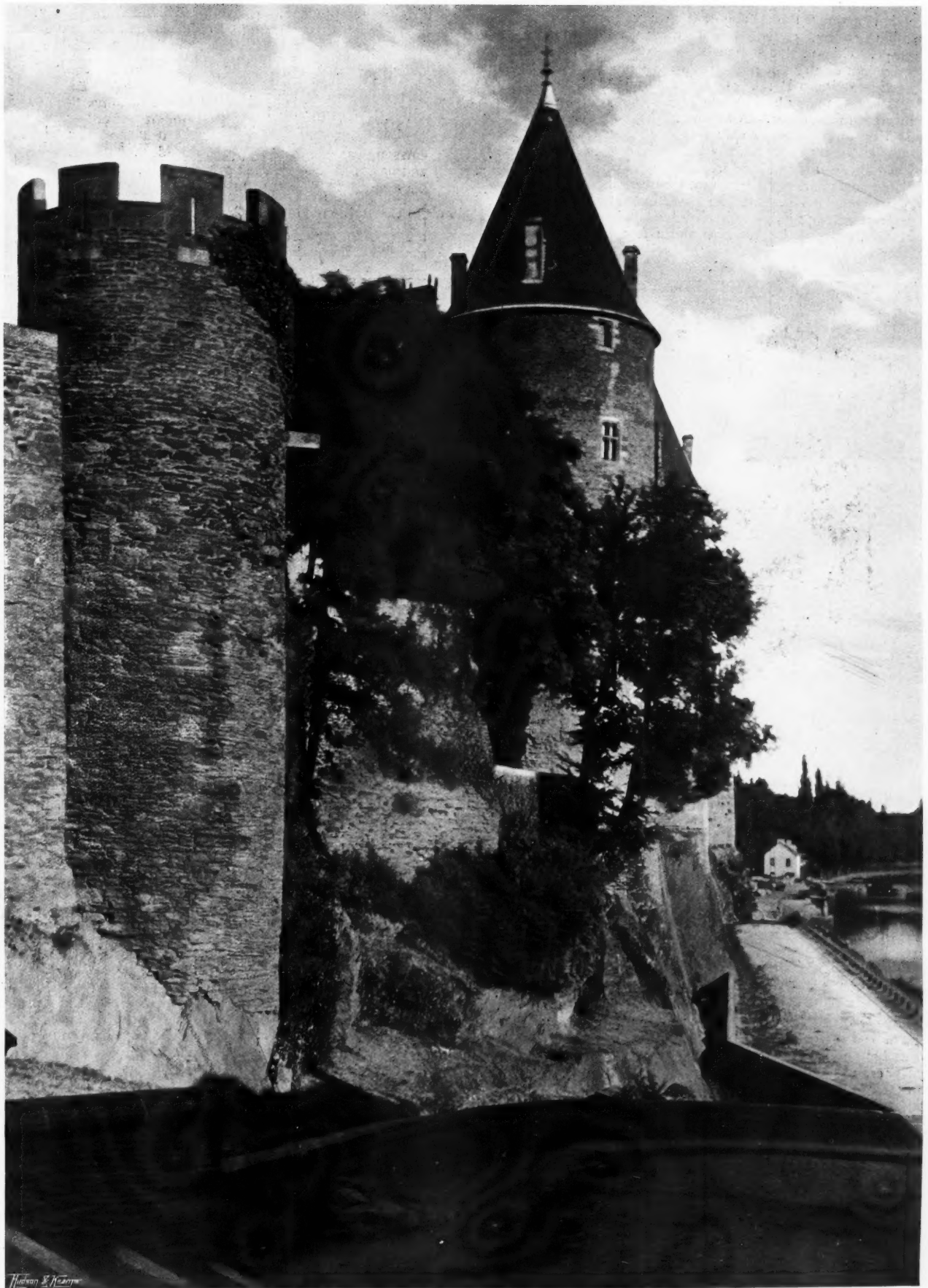
"COUNTRY LIFE."

none can hinder us or turn us from our purpose. And let us lay a most strict oath upon our other comrades, upon either side, and upon all beholders, that no help or rescue shall be given us in the fight; so shall we do a deed of which the times to come shall speak, in hall and palace and all places of the world. And let them win honour and fortune to whom Heaven shall have appointed it."

"By my troth," said Messire Beaumanoir, "I consent to you, and right loyal words you speak. So be you thirty, and we will be thirty, too, and on that I pledge you my word."

"So pledge I mine," said Bamborough, "for so shall a man win far more honour than at jousting only."

Thus they confirmed and settled this business between them, and fixed their meeting for the morning of the fourth day thereafter, and in the meanwhile each captain chose his thirty champions as seemed good to him, and



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TOWER AND RIVER FROM THE ASCENT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

terrible tale of all is that of Geoffry Dubois, who saw the châtelain of Josselin well-nigh fainting with thirst beneath an oak tree, and roused him with the brutal words: "Drink your blood and come back." The motto "Bois ton Sang Beaumanoir" went with his escutcheon ever afterwards.

After Duguesclin's death at Chateaufort le Randon, Olivier de Clisson was made Constable of France, and the war of succession against the Duke of Brittany dragged on. The Constable shrewdly determined to turn it to his own advantage. Clisson was a man of great wealth. He possessed the equivalent of about a million sterling when his enemies tried to assassinate him in Paris. And he determined to ransom John of Brittany and marry him to one of his daughters, as a Rohan was married to the other. All came off as he planned, and the rage of Montfort you may easily imagine at the reappearance of a possible claimant to the Duchy by the agency of his old enemy the Constable. Twice Montfort tried to take revenge, the first time after so dastardly fashion that even the loyalty to England which he made his pretext can never excuse him; the second was a sordid attempt at assassination by hired ruffians in Paris.

It will, perhaps, be news to those few English travellers who ever visit Josselin that they stand within the fortress-lines of

the wall well; and if you say it is properly built it shall remain, otherwise it shall be altered." Thinking no harm, Clisson went in, and was promptly seized by the Duke's servants, bound and thrown into a dungeon, in spite of the protests of his brother-in-law, Laval, who remonstrated hotly with the Duke outside, when he saw the door shut behind the Constable. When Beaumanoir in turn protested he was seized and thrown into another dungeon. Like other villains of his kidney, Montfort was neither strong enough to kill his man nor brave enough to face him, and after long persuasion he accepted the castles of Broc, Josselin and Lamballe, and the town of Jugon, as Clisson's ransom, besides a large sum of money. Laval stayed at L'Hermine to watch the Duke, while Beaumanoir was released to raise the ransom. In a short time it was collected, the castles were handed over (though not, as it turned out, for long) and Clisson was set free. He galloped instantly out of Brittany and hastened to lay his just grievances before the King of France, his master. In Paris the Duke set Pierre de Craon on to assassinate Clisson; but it takes a good deal to crack a Breton skull, and the Constable recovered. Craon escaped out of Paris; but all his houses were seized and his goods sequestered, and the only greeting he got from the Duke of Brittany was a jeer at his



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DRAWING-ROOM: FIFTEENTH CENTURY MANTEL-PIECE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a Constable of France who made every preparation to invade England in 1387. But William the Conqueror's expedition has always been difficult to reproduce, as the great Napoleon himself discovered. What Clisson might have done, we shall never know; for he was foully and traitorously hindered by Montfort, Duke of Brittany. Both Clisson and his son-in-law had always refused their full allegiance to Montfort as the Duke, whatever other treaties and arrangements had been made. They never forgave his foreign sympathies; and rightly. So when he heard that Clisson was to lead an invading force of French across the Channel, Montfort determined at one stroke to ingratiate himself with his English friends and to avenge his own wrongs upon Clisson. It is a disgusting story. Montfort wrote affectionate letters to the lord of Josselin and his other knights and barons, inviting them to a friendly assembly at Vannes. In his official position the Constable invited everyone to dine with him the day after the first dinner with the Duke, meaning to embark at Tréguier soon afterwards. Montfort drank to the health of the expedition and its leaders, and invited them to ride across and look at his new castle of L'Hermine before they left Brittany. When they were near the keep, "Sir Oliver," said the rascal, "there is not a man on this side of the sea who understands masonry like you: enter, therefore, I beg of you, and examine

stupidity in being unable to finish off the job. In the end, Montfort realised that he could neither bend Clisson to his will unaided, nor obtain assistance from any town or castle in the Duchy. So he determined at the last to make an end, and accept his stubborn enemy's proposals. The Vicomte de Rohan was at the head of those who bore the Duke's heir into Castle Josselin. Clisson was not long in answering. He rode to the Convent of the Dominicans at Vannes, met Montfort, handed back the boy, and made an honourable peace on his own terms. In 1407 the Constable de Clisson died in Josselin, the year after his wife's death, and was buried in Notre Dame du Roncier, where their tomb still stands, and Alain IX. de Rohan reigned in his grandfather's stead. By this châtelain, whose eldest son was slain on the terrible day of St. Aubin du Cormier, was the greater part built of the château as it stands to-day; but the greatest Rohan of this generation was that Pierre de Rohan, Sire de Gié, who inherited the blood of Duguesclin through his grandfather, and of the Viscontis through his mother. It is significant that the façade, which shows so many traces of Italian influences among its Gothic work, should have been in progress during the lifetime of one of the great captains who went with Charles VIII.'s armies into Italy. If I may pick out one thing for which the Rohans may well consider him among the very greatest men their splendid stock has

given to the nation, it would be his realisation that for the moment the strength of France lay in her natural boundaries, and that for the unity and solidification of his country, the sound defence of its frontiers by an organised and effective army was the first essential. It was perhaps a result of this Pierre de Rohan's influence that in 1510 Jean, Vicomte de Rohan, finished the Gothic façade begun by Alain in 1440, and married Marie de Bretagne; and it was a Cardinal de Rohan who had welcomed Cæsar Borgia to the Court of Louis XII. at Chinon in 1498, when the future Duc de Valentinois brought from the Pope the divorce from Jeanne de France which made it possible for Anne of Brittany to be a twice-crowned Queen. This same noble ecclesiastic was present among the Royal suite which welcomed the Archduke Philip of Austria to Blois. Another brilliant marriage was that of Jean's grandson, René, to Isabeau d'Albret; and in 1577 we find a Mlle. de Rohan among the lovely sirens of the "flying squadron" who attended Catherine de Médecis at Chenonceaux. Their romantic associations sorely tempt me to tell the tale of that lady of the house of Rohan, who at this time suffered great sorrow for the faithfulness of her love to one she might not marry. But you must read it in the one-and-twentieth story of the Heptameron of Marguerite de Navarre, wherein the piteous case of Rolandine is fully set forth. Nor can I do more here than hint at the tragedy of the lovely Marie de Rohan, Duchesse de Montbazou, who was beloved by the Abbé de Rancé, and was found dead, after so strange a fashion, in the château of Couzières. Her fate is told in other pages; for after Agrippa d'Aubigné, the last of the old feudal barons, left France, he sold his castles in the Loire valley and elsewhere to the Rohans; and among the landholders of their name in Touraine was another Cardinal, Carlyle's "Mud-Volcano," the dupe of Jeanne de St. Remy, the sorry hero of the strange story of "The Diamond Necklace," who died in 1802. But it is only possible in this place to give details about the builders of Josselin. After their day I can but hint at the numberless ways in which the Rohan family took their part in the drama of French history, and I must make an end with the bare mention of a few more of their great names.

The barony of Léon, mentioned in previous pages, was the definite appanage of the eldest son by the time Commines

describes the battle of St. Aubin du Cormier, and I find it among the family records in 1552. In 1586 Henri, Duc de Rohan, Prince de Léon and Comte de Porhoët, was the Calvinist chief, and the heroism of the Duchesse at the terrible siege of La Rochelle is well known. As a consequence, Josselin was taken from the Rohans and given to their enemies. But the place has had a knack of keeping its right owners ever since its foundation in 1026 by Goethnoc, Vicomte de Porhoët, and it reverted to the family when Henri de Rohan was pardoned, after he had helped, with the Duc de Montbazou, in effecting a reconciliation between Louis XIII. and Marie de Médicis. In 1648 the dukedom was bestowed on Henri de Chabot, Marquis de St. Aulnay, husband of the heiress, Marguerite de Rohan, and in 1685 Louis de Rohan-Chabot was the Duc de Rohan. In 1816 appeared another cardinal, the Archbishop of Besançon, who protected the Abbé Dupanloup. Between 1869 and 1892 the château was carefully restored by Charles Louis Josselin, Duc de Rohan; and his son, Charles Louis Alain, Prince de Léon, who succeeded his father in 1893, has been Royalist deputy for Plöermel since 1876, and was re-elected for the eighth time in 1906, without opposition. So carefully was this restoration carried out that the traces of new workmanship are scarcely visible at all, save in the low containing walls of the upper garden, which faithfully follow the lines of Clisson's fortress, in the beautiful gardens of the moat and the inner pleasance, and in the apartments of the house that are so full of immemorial relics. The present Duchesse de Rohan is descended from the Verteillacs, Grand Seneschals of Périgord, allied to the family of Brantôme, and now worthily represented in the French Army. As readers of her "Lande Fleurie" will know, her talents recall those of Anne de Rohan-Soubise in the sixteenth century and of her own ancestress, the Comtesse de Verteillac, in the eighteenth century.

Clisson et Duguesclin,  
Anne, grande entre toutes,  
Beaumanoir, Josselin,  
Ont dormi sous ces voûtes.

The ground that bore the footsteps of Olivier de Clisson's wife, the house that sheltered Marie de Bretagne's husband long ago, this is the fitting home of the Duchesse de Rohan of to-day.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

## THE JUBILEE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM READING ROOM.

FIFTY years ago—to be exact, on May 2nd, 1857—a strange sight was to be seen in the world-famous Reading Room of the British Museum. Under its magnificent dome, then resplendent in the radiance of pure gilding and delicate colouring, with its book-clad walls of richly-bound volumes, an *élite* company was assembled. Where now stillness prevails, notwithstanding the hundreds of visitors, drawn from every quarter of the globe, who, year in year out, may be found seated at its lines of tables, hungrily devouring the book knowledge of centuries, a great repast was set out. It was the opening day of the wonderful edifice that England—nay, the world—owes to the creative genius of Sir Anthony Panizzi. To celebrate the auspicious occasion, a public breakfast was given, to which all the prominent personages of the day had been invited. But for an unfortunate Royal bereavement—the death of the Duchess of Gloucester—the Prince Consort would have presided. It was a proud moment indeed for Panizzi. On all sides were to be heard glowing expressions of praise and approbation. The problem of providing the urgently needed space for the rapidly-growing Library and its simultaneously increasing army of readers, which had so long puzzled successive Governments and baffled the Trustees, had been solved in the most marvellous manner. On land which had long lain practically useless, the interior quadrangle of the Museum, there had grown up, at the instigation of the great Italian scholar, this noble piece of workmanship, which even now, when first beheld, though hoary with the accumulated grime of half a century of London atmosphere, never fails to excite strong feelings of awe and admiration. Forming part of the structure, too, was a perfect maze of circles, angles and corridors, with miles and miles of bookshelves. Truly it was an accomplishment of which anyone might be proud.

But let us hark back to a still more distant date, and trace the evolution of this mighty tree of knowledge from the tiny acorn planted in Montagu House, where our national Museum was first established. Beginnings, generally small, often appear ludicrous when compared with later and startling developments. The Reading Room is no exception to this rule; for a minute of the Trustees of December 8th, 1758, records that the first provision made for readers consisted of a corner room in the basement storey with one oak table and twenty chairs. The

environment, too, of that time calls for passing notice. A glass door opened from the room into the garden, which was a veritable paradise of beauty; for we are told that the lovely grounds of the old home of the Duke of Montagu contained a choice collection of plants, comprising some 600 species. Immediately behind lay the notorious duelling ground, known by the sinister name of the "Field of the Forty Footsteps," on which, according to tradition, no vegetation could be persuaded to grow since the day when two brothers, madly in love with the same woman, fought here, while she heartlessly sat on the bank watching the duel that was to prove fatal to both. Stretching away beyond this ill-omened spot, the reader of these early days would see fields and farms extending to the wooded heights of Hampstead and Highgate.

Proof that this quiet corner room, with its seemingly scanty bits of furniture, sufficed is given by the poet Gray. In a whimsical letter, dated July 23rd, 1759, he says: "The Museum will be my chief amusement. I this day passed through the jaws of a great leviathan that lay in my way into the belly of Dr. Templeman, Superintendent of the Reading Room, who congratulated himself on the sight of so much good company. We were—a man that writes for Lord Royston; a man that writes for Dr. Burton of York; a third that writes for the Emperor of Germany or Dr. Pocock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; Dr. Stukeley, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and I, who only read to know if there were anything worth writing, and that not without some difficulty."

Here the readers remained for some sixteen years, when, in consequence of complaints of the damp, the Trustees fitted up another room upon the first state storey, which continued in use until the year 1817—a span of forty-three years. This circumstance shows how small was the attendance of readers for the first fifty years of the existence of the Museum. The French Revolution led, however, to a considerable increase in their number. Nearly one-half of those admitted in the year 1795 consisted of French refugees, including the Archbishop of Bordeaux, the Bishops of Uzès and of Troyes, the Count de St. Cyr, and a long list of abbés and men of less note, who in the tranquil haven of the Museum Reading Room sought relief

from the *ennui* of their exile. Other rooms were added from time to time to relieve congestion and cope with expansion. In the year 1838 two larger rooms were appropriated at the eastern end of the present northern gallery, one of which is now the Music Room. These served from 1838 to 1857, during which period the Library grew so largely and so rapidly that it became a matter of vital necessity to grapple with the acute situation. Murmurings were rife, too, on the score of overcrowding, foul air and the irritating presence of "Museum fleas." All these disquieting circumstances paved the way for, and made imminent and desirable, a bold forward move. Many and varied were the schemes proposed to meet the crisis. In 1850 Panizzi submitted to the Trustees a plan for a new Reading Room. This, however, involved the acquisition of land and the erection of new buildings, and was rejected on the grounds of delay and expense. The next mode of reform relating to the enlargement of the capacities of the Museum in general was brought forward by the Trustees themselves. Their proposal was to buy up the whole of the street on the east side of the Museum—property, by the way, since acquired—to build on the site, and to complete that part of the premises which faced Russell Square with a grand façade. The project did not, however, receive the favourable consideration of the Government. At length, on May 5th, 1852, the Trustees determined to adopt a new and highly-ingenious scheme suggested by Panizzi for building on the vacant quadrangle. The idea had many points in its favour. It involved the purchase of no new land, and, being absolutely out of sight, there was no call for any expenditure on exterior decoration. Thus it solved the problem of finding, at a small cost of time, space and money, ample room for books and comfortable accommodation for readers, with abundant scope for future requirements.

In May, 1854, the first excavation was made, and three years later the completed building was opened to the public. Including furniture and fittings, the total cost was about £150,000. The quadrangle, within which the new Library and Reading Room are built, is 313ft. in length and 235ft. in width. Of this space the actual building covers an area measuring 258ft. by 184ft., leaving an interval all round. Thus, the light and ventilation of the older building was unaffected. The room itself is rotunda shaped. Its copper-covered dome, the second largest in the world, has a diameter of 140ft. and a height of 106ft. With the exception of the four square boundary walls of the Library, the whole building is practically constructed of iron. In the interior decoration of the great dome light colours were employed, combined with a lavish use of the purest gilding. Some idea of the grand effect produced may be gathered from the following details: The inner surface is divided into twenty compartments by moulded ribs, which are gilded, the soffits being in ornamental patterns, and the edges, touching the adjoining margin, fringed with a leaf-pattern scalloped edge. Each compartment contains a circular-headed window, 27ft. high and 12ft. wide, with three panels above, the centre one being medallion shaped, the whole bordered with gilt moulding and lines. The field of the panels is finished in encaustic azure blue, the surrounding margins being of cream colour. The details of the windows are treated in like manner—the spandrel panels blue, the enriched column and pilaster caps, the central flowers, the border moulding and lines being gilded, the margins cream colour throughout. The moulded rim of the lantern light, which is painted and gilded to correspond, is 40ft. in diameter. The sash is formed of gilt moulded ribs, radiating from a central medallion, in which the Royal monogram, "V.A.," is alternated with the Royal crown. The massive cornice from which the dome springs is almost wholly gilded, the frieze being formed into panels bounded by lines terminating at the ends with a gilt fret ornament. The separate compartments of the cornice are marked by bold enriched gilt consoles, which form at once the supports of the main ribs and bases for the marble statues which Panizzi originally proposed should be erected round the room. Between the cornice and the floor the space is filled with bookcases and galleries of access, the cornice, standards and railings of which are heavily gilded.

The view from these galleries, either upwards or downwards, is always striking and impressive, particularly on Saturday afternoons in winter, when the 458 seats are generally filled to overflowing. Onlookers are confronted with a picture of mind activity and brain working. Seated at the array of tables are seen a truly cosmopolitan crowd, representative of all nationalities and schools of thought. The remembrance, too, forces itself upon us, how many of the illustrious dead have worked under the towering dome. Wordsworth, Southey, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Thomas Campbell, Tom Moore, Washington Irving, Samuel Rogers, Sydney Smith, Hallam, Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, Huxley, Lecky, Gladstone and a host of other eminent literateurs of our own and other countries, have each and all, in their day, delved and studied in this literary

hive. During 1905 (the last figures available) there were 214,940 readers, while the books supplied to them reached the stupendous total of 1,619,620. The plan of the room resembles a huge wheel, the Superintendent's enclosure and the catalogue desks forming the hub, the readers' seats the spokes, and the boundary of book-presses the rim. At the longer tables each reader has a separate space of 4ft. 3in. long. He is screened from the opposite occupant by a longitudinal division, which is fitted with a hinged desk graduated on sloping racks and a folding shelf for spare books. The framework of the tables is of iron and forms air-distributing channels. These are so contrived that the air may be delivered at the top of the longitudinal division above the level of the heads of the readers, or, if desired, only at each end pedestal of the tables, all the outlets being under the control of valves. A tubular footrail also passes from end to end of each table, along which a current of warm water can be passed at pleasure, thus converting it into a foot-warmer.

The arrangement of the surrounding Library is equally remarkable and original as the other parts of this colossal and imposing structure. It consists of a gallery in four storeys encircling the Reading Room, four corridors forming a quadrangle, and four triangular divisions, the two latter having only three floors. The iron standards of the book-presses support the floors. These are constructed of iron gratings, which permit the passage of light from the glass roof. Even the shelves and side pads are made of sheets of iron, being covered with russet leather and the shelves edged with wainscot. Throughout the interior the walls consist of presses, in which the books are placed fore edge to fore edge, with only a flimsy iron lattice intervening. Indeed, stripped of the books and shelves, the whole building might be compared to some gigantic aviary. With the Reading Room it contains about three miles lineal of book-presses 8ft. high. It is calculated that they give over twenty-eight miles of shelving, and the sliding presses another five. If we add to these figures eleven for the old Library, we get a total of forty-four miles, while the number of volumes is over 2,000,000.

Notwithstanding the enormous extent of the space thus provided by the ingenuity of Panizzi, many parts of the Library long since became over-crowded. To ease matters, in 1885 a suite of rooms was allotted to the London newspapers and their readers in the White Wing. A further means of relief was obtained by the introduction of the sliding press, which can be placed where subjects have outgrown the space originally apportioned to them. It consists of a light iron framework suspended in front of the ordinary press on wheels running on iron flanges; the shelves are double, taking books on both sides of the presses. More recently a large repository was built at Hendon, where the provincial, Scottish and Irish newspapers, and other little-used printed matter are now stored. But further extension was and is inevitable. Foreseeing this contingency, the Trustees wisely seized a favourable opportunity in 1893 to acquire the freehold of the land on which stood the houses which then enclosed the Museum on three sides. On one portion a substantial addition to the Museum is now being erected.

A great drawback to the room for many years was the absence of artificial light, gas being considered too dangerous an illuminant. Consequently, at dusk and in foggy weather it had to be closed, much inconvenience resulting. The invention of electric light, however, did away with the difficulty, and a first attempt to light the room was made early in 1879. It was not very successful. In the autumn of that year Messrs. Siemens's method of production was tested, and gave satisfaction. Their apparatus was installed and in working order by October, 1880. The light was supplied by four arc lamps of 5,000 candle-power each. A great improvement was afterwards effected by the introduction of glow lamps fixed to the readers' tables, the arc lamps being reduced to about 300 candle-power each. The result is most satisfactory. An important innovation which must not be overlooked is the recent introduction of pneumatic tubes. These carry the readers' tickets from the Superintendent's enclosure to the different sections into which the Library is divided, and effect a considerable saving in time.

Fifty years' hard wear and exposure to London's smoke and dust has robbed the Reading Room of its early brilliance and lustre. A Jubilee merits recognition. Therefore the Trustees have judiciously decided to signalise the fiftieth birthday of the room by undertaking the serious business of rebeautifying and embellishing its interior. Nor will the nation grudge the money necessary for carrying out this important task in worthy manner. Parliament and people alike are proud and appreciative of this Temple of Literature, with its generous and unsurpassed facilities for men of every colour, creed and race to glean in the vast realm of booklore which the Trustees so carefully safeguard and direct. Moreover, its redecoration will constitute a splendid and visible tribute to its intrinsic value, claim and utility as a world renowned and frequented institution, and a fitting commemoration of its Jubilee.

A. W. JARVIS AND R. TURTLE.

## A GREAT LACROSSE MATCH.



THE CANADIAN GOALKEEPER SAVES FINELY.

THE match at lacrosse on Saturday between the Duke of Argyll's team and the Capital team which last year won the championship of Canada, was one of the best that has been seen in England, and proved, if proof were necessary, what a great advance has been made during the last ten or fifteen years. The Canadians were the first to score, but Mr. G. H. Leigh very soon reduced their advantage. The incident was repeated when Mr. Eastwood put the visitors in front once more, and Mr. N. H. P. Whitely equalised. After this the game was contested very keenly, the visitors and the home team alternately scoring. At one time the home team managed to obtain a lead of one goal, mainly through the instrumentality of Messrs. Buckland, Leigh and E. P. Jones. They did not retain it long, however, as the Canadians not only equalised, but speedily obtained the lead once more. For a time, in fact, they had an advantage of two goals; but the English team played very pluckily, and the spectators were excited, indeed, when they once more drew level. But in spite of a very good fight, the visitors ended by gaining an advantage of two goals, the final score being eight goals to six. Experts admitted generally that the game was one of the finest ever seen in England. Lacrosse is becoming extremely popular, and those who wish to make acquaintance with the growth of this game will do well to turn to an article

written by a very well-known player, Mr. H. W. Ramsey, in *Fry's Magazine* for December, 1906. He concentrates his attention on the progress made in England, and he considers it in large measure due to the visits of the Canadians. The first point on which he dwells is that in the early days "individual play was the thing—long throws from the defence to the attacks, and if one of the latter happened to get the ball he would try to run through the opposing defences." There was very little idea of passing, and the defences did not take part in the attack. In those days the defences could not catch the ball. They had to knock it on the ground and then pick it up. The improvement began in the crosses, and the defences began to be able to catch fairly well. They also began to pass to their attacks, and the attacks began to combine and pass among themselves. Mr. Ramsey calls that the first step of the progress, and the second occurred when "third man or either of the defence wings got the ball" and then "began attacking or, as it is generally called, forcing from defence." The improvement of the crosse to which we have referred is thus described: "The old crosse was a very heavy and clumsy weapon, and very badly strung as compared to the present-day crosse. In those days there was a rule which prevented us using baggy crosses. The gut, with the ball on it, had to be flush with the



ENGLAND GETS THE BALL.

wood. This made catching much more difficult than it is now. This rule was repealed after the Canadian visit of 1902. They

used very baggy and very light crosses. Had we adopted those crosses a year before, instead of a year after, that visit we should

have done better against them. I do not go so far as to say we should have lowered their colours. Their short and accurate passing and their catching were a revelation to us. They made far more use of the pass back than we did. In their attacking movements they frequently seemed to lose ground, and at times they appeared to overdo the passing; but it was done with an object. While they kept possession of the ball there was a chance of the opposing defence making a mistake. One slip on our part and a goal frequently followed, owing to their speed and accuracy. The 'All Blacks' had a system and combination superior to our Rugger teams. The Canadians had a system and combination and *weapons* superior to our lacrosse teams."



A SPRINT FOR POSSESSION.

## SHOOTING.

### RIFLE-SHOOTING IN SCHOOLS.

FOR many years, up till quite recently, the number of public schools in which rifle-shooting was cultivated corresponded with the number in which there was a Volunteer or a Cadet Rifle Corps. Prior to the Volunteer Movement—*i.e.*, up to fifty years ago—there was naturally no rifle-shooting in the schools. But the influence of that movement quickly made itself felt among them. The first Wimbledon meeting was held in 1860. In the following year the National Rifle Association held the first competition for the Ashburton Challenge Shield, given by Lord Ashburton for a match between the schools. The field was a very limited one. Three schools only competed—Eton, Harrow and Rugby; the latter school has the distinction of having won this, the first, match. In addition to these, Marlborough competed in 1862 and Winchester and Cheltenham in 1863. The number of schools which entered, all necessarily possessing the qualification of having a *bonâ fide* Volunteer Corps, rose gradually from 1861, and in 1900, forty years after, stood at twenty-five. A new impetus was given to shooting in schools by the South African War. The entries in 1901 were twenty-seven, in 1902 thirty-five and in 1903 forty-two. The year 1904 produced no increase, but in 1905 and 1906 the competing schools numbered just fifty, exactly double the number already mentioned as having entered in 1900. Similarly, the entries for the Cadets' Challenge Trophy at Bisley had risen from seventeen in 1900 to twenty-nine in 1906. Naturally, not every school possessing a Cadet Corps can manage to enter for these prizes at Bisley. The difficulty of providing accessible ranges on which to practice is a very real one with the schools, as with all other civilian or semi-military organisations using the Service rifle. Winchester, for instance, was entirely without a range for some time previously to 1904, when it carried off the Ashburton triumphantly.

The entries at Bisley indicate the growth of shooting in schools, but by no means give the full measure of its increase. Some admirable examples have now been set of the possibility of making every boy in a school learn the rudiments of shooting, whether or not he belong to the school corps, if there be one. This is as it should be. The training of hand and eye and the care and accuracy inculcated are a really useful piece of education. Since it has been recognised that a large proportion of the learning necessary to make a successful shot for practical purposes can be taught in a shed or in a gallery, the great obstacle to the more general cultivation of shooting has been removed. And if compulsory games are now in fashion, there is the less excuse for not putting into the hands of the boys a most attractive toy, the use of which is best learnt when learnt young.

The movement in favour of shooting is no longer confined, as once, to schools of one class. Private schools, as well as public, now have their part in the movement. Mr. Astor's most opportune assistance, given through the National Rifle Association, has eased the way in many instances. Lord Roberts's hard-working enthusiasm has stirred, encouraged and helped the boys of many schools to become familiar with the rifle. As, sixty years ago, the "noble art of self-defence" was a fashionable pastime, so now the still nobler art of the defence of the country

has become a subject of instruction. The "Schools of the Empire" match is evidence that this is the case not only in the Mother Country, but also, and perhaps in an even greater degree, in the schools of countries overseas where the Union Jack is flown. It was a fine conception to bring alongside each other, by the means of a competition fired in similar conditions and under disinterested supervision, school teams from all parts of the British Empire. A list of results, in which the names of schools in England, Scotland and Wales, in South Africa, in Australia, New Zealand and Canada, in the Channel Islands, all appear, is a remarkable fact; and it is a testimony to the popularity of the movement that no less than ninety-five school teams competed throughout the Empire. If English and Scotch schools occupy the first eight places among the seventy-seven who returned their scores, Natal, Queensland and New Zealand are not far behind. In proportion to the population and the number of the schools, such Colonies as Natal and New Zealand make a show which puts to shame the Mother Country. If New Zealand schools can enter sixteen teams and Cape Colony eleven, how is it the schools of the Mother Country only enter fifty teams? The white population of New Zealand is under 1,000,000, of Cape Colony 600,000, of Great Britain over 40,000,000. The answer is obvious. The feeling of self-dependence specially evoked, perhaps, in some cases, by the presence of a large native population, has led to the conclusion that, in the interests of the community and for its preservation, the knowledge of arms cannot be too general. In the earlier stages of the Boer War the Mother Country regretted that many of those who were willing to serve their country in the field had not the equipment of even rudimentary training in the use of the rifle. That reproach we are doing our best to remove, and it is particularly to the schools that we have to look to give the chief help in the work. The conditions for instructing boys are easier than of old. We have inexpensive rifles of small calibre, shooting accurately with very cheap ammunition, of which the chief example is the new War Office pattern miniature rifle, firing the .22 cartridge. The .303 rifle, of Service pattern otherwise, but with a barrel bored to take this ammunition, can also be obtained. With such weapons, neither the original cost of the arms nor the outlay on cartridges for practice is a formidable factor as compared with the necessary expenses of former times. And when schools have the opportunity of shooting with the full charge in the military rifle, though the cost of cartridges is greater than it was with the weapons available to former generations of schoolboys, yet the boy does not have to face the severe punishment which the Snider and the Martini-Henry used to inflict. We may add, as regards miniature shooting, that the mechanical details of marking and of target apparatus have been vastly improved since attention has been specially given to the subject. To-day parents and schoolmasters can make better use of their opportunities than was possible formerly. Admirable as is shooting on a miniature range, it is no more the Alpha and Omega of rifle-shooting than rifle-shooting itself is the whole art of soldiering. Yet those who are exerting themselves to spread the practice of it in the schools may feel confident that they are doing a good work in fitting the individual to use his

opportunities in after life, whether in sport, in war, or in self-defence; and that in thus fitting him to take his own part they are qualifying him to take his country's part, if need should arise, in defence or in offence, as is not only permitted, but necessary, for the citizen of a free, civilised and Christian country.

THETA.

#### RED DEER.

IT is wonderful how well, as all accounts agree in telling us, the red deer have wintered. In spite of the heavy falls of snow they have always been able to find food, partly because there was a high wind while much of the snow was falling, which swept the upper hills and hillocks clear, and partly because there was no long continuance of frost, when the snow came, to keep it lying and make it hard, so that the deer could not get through it to the heather and grass below. It is said that at Glenmuick, for instance, they did not lose a single deer, at least no deaths were reported—and they do not seem to have done any hand-feeding. The tradition there, established by the late Sir Allan Mackenzie, who knew as much about deer as any man in Scotland, is only to hand-feed when it comes to be a case of necessity, and this tradition is faithfully followed. The grouse also at Glenmuick are reported as having wintered much better than might have been expected.

#### VERMIN.

From what one is able to see in the country at present, keepers are likely to have a more than usually lively time if they are to succeed in keeping down the numbers of the rats and other allied creatures which prey on young game and eggs. It has been rather the fashion of late to tell us that the old idea of a green Yule making a fat churchyard was a delusion and a snare, and that it was better for all live things that the winter should be a mild one. However that may be, it is certain that the last winter proved a very favourable one for the welfare of almost all live things—the game first, and then the vermin which prey on the game after. Hibernating animals especially seem to have fared well, no doubt, because the severe cold and late spring did not tempt them to any of those premature awakenings which must spoil their repose and make a call on energies that are better at rest—to say nothing of giving them chills. Among hibernating animals it is necessary to class the hedgehog, and therewith one mentions perhaps the worst egg-stealer of any. But rats, weasels and stoats all seem to have passed the winter most comfortably likewise, and to be in great number and appetite. Keepers, however, grow more cunning in their dealings with vermin and know better how to trap them. The best way of all is to have many ways, for the beasts and birds soon come to know one kind of trap and to avoid it, but may be readily taken by a device which is new to them.

#### "HOW TO SHOOT."

A very useful little booklet, "How to Shoot," published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., and sold at the moderate price of 6d., comes from the well-practised pen of Mr. E. J. D. Newitt. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Newitt has even a better knowledge of the use of the rifle than of the pen, and is a high authority on its mechanism and all pertaining to it. What may be less commonly known by those who have not read "The Citizen Rifleman," a previous little work by the same writer, is that he has had a special education in the formation of rifle clubs and teaching recruits to shoot, which adds immensely to the practical value of the lessons contained in his most recent publication. It is entirely concerned with rifle-shooting, and the "scatter-gun" shooter will find nothing in its pages to assist him. Primarily, of course, it is intended to aid the acquirement of skill at a target, with a subsequent view to its use in war, but the sportsman also will find it to his advantage to lay to heart many of the lessons which it inculcates regarding position, taking the breath, and the "let off." A final chapter devoted to the sub-target machine indicates the value which this excellent judge of the subject is inclined to attach to that most ingenious device for teaching the young idea to shoot.

#### SELLING LIVE HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES IN CLOSE TIME.

It is not lawful to sell live Hungarian partridges in Great Britain during our close season. If there was a doubt on the point before, it appears to be set at rest by a decision lately given in the Highgate Police Court, where one Adolf Muller, licensed dealer in game, was summoned for selling twenty live Hungarian partridges to Thomas Dixon, under-keeper to Mr. Irwin Cox of Ivor Hall Farm, Barnet. The prosecution was undertaken by the Field Sports' Protection and Encouragement Association, under the Act 1 and 2, William IV., 1831. The case was regarded rather in the light of a test one, and the defendant was fined in a small sum of 1s. for each bird sold and delivered and 3s. costs. Of course, this prohibition to sell foreign birds does not apply to dead game, and we may still, if we care to do so, buy the somewhat desiccated partridge, purporting (and no doubt with perfect truth) to come from Russia, which is freely exposed for sale in the game-dealers' shops, or the still less succulent hazel-hen. The spring chicken, however, is more pleasant to meet at the dinner-table than either of these out-of-season dainties.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### A SHOOTING TRIP IN ALBANIA.

SIR,—Your notes upon woodcock-shooting in Ireland have reminded me of a notable experience in Albania many years ago. Perhaps some of your readers might be interested in the yarn. During the Crimean War I was quartermaster in Corfu, and for the three or four winter months was shooting in Albania about twice a week. The late Lord Methuen, the late Lord Barrington and I usually shot together, going to our shooting-ground and returning in Methuen's yacht. We each selected from our regiments one man to be our personal gillie. I was fortunate enough to find in my company a man who had been an accomplished poacher in his own parish. I forthwith gave him the appointment and a suit of thorn-proof garments—a very necessary outfit in a land composed principally of stones and thorns. Our expedition had been mainly confined to places on the coast opposite Corfu, such as Butrinto, Pagaña and Petlia or Santa Quaranta—all within a night's sail in a yacht. Having heard that the best ground for woodcocks was near the Gulf of Arta, we determined to try that quarter, and persuaded the Lord High

Commissioner, Sir John Young (afterwards Lord Lisgar), to join the party. He stipulated that he and Sir George Bowen, the Colonial Secretary, were to live on board his own yacht, which we were to tow from the Government steamer which he offered to lend us if we could find the coal. This offer being, of course, accepted, we got leave for ten days, and made up our party as follows: Lord Methuen, Percy (afterwards Lord) Barrington, Sir Paul Hunter, Mr. Walter (of *The Times*), Captain Cecil Lane and myself. We started first northwards up the Adriatic, and landed at a place the name of which I have forgotten, to look for wild boar. We had a desperate walk, but no luck. Here I met with a rather curious adventure. I had strayed away from the rest of the party, and came to a river deeply sunken between its banks. This I crossed upon a primitive bridge made of two trees with bundles of reeds lashed on them for a footway, and then saw a village some 300 yds. away. The natives keep a breed of very large and savage dogs to protect their flocks from the wolves. They also attack strangers with enthusiasm. I had not advanced many yards before I saw three or four of these beauties coming for me at their best pace. It was clear there would be a scrap of some sort. Now these dogs are of great value, and if you shoot one in self-defence the odds are that the owner will soon have a shot at you; but if you kill it with a knife nothing will be said, because it is clear that you and the dog had come to close quarters. It came into my memory as the brutes were racing up that in the *Odyssey* Homer relates how, when Ulysses returned to Ithaca, he was attacked in precisely the same manner, and that when the dogs came near he adopted the unusual plan of sitting down, when they immediately stopped. I elected to try his recipe, and waited until they came within 20 yds., and then suddenly sat down on the ground. They stopped at once and stared. I addressed them in plain and forcible English, to which they paid no attention. I then enforced the argument with stones, which they perfectly understood, and in about ten minutes slunk back growling to the village, upon which I made a strategic movement to the rear. The next day we were driven south by a furious gale. This was enough for Sir John and Sir George, whose swallowing apparatus became reversed, so they cast off the tow-rope and headed for Corfu, after unselfishly transferring their French chef to our craft. The next day we had a go at the ducks and snipe near Butrinto River, and then sailed for the Gulf of Arta. We landed through a heavy surf at Metika, a few miles north of the narrow entrance to the gulf. The steamer went on and anchored to await us off the mouth of the river Luro, which falls, or rather crawls, into the gulf. We shot our way across the strip of land, a few miles wide, which separates the sea from the gulf. On this isthmus lie the ruins of Nicopolis, the old city which St. Paul mentions, but oddly enough he says nothing about the abundance of woodcock in the neighbourhood. Before leaving the subject of Nicopolis, I may be excused for relating an incident which happened there a few years after my visit to the spot. It was told me by the late Lord Lilford. He and his brother-in-law Fazakerly were shooting over that bit of country, and, on approaching the old town, Fazakerly was walking straight up towards a high wall. Lilford on the right could see beyond it, and espied a string of pelicans coming straight over Fazakerly; he accordingly yelled out "Look out, Faz! Pelicans over you." Faz prepared for action, and as the leading old cock came over him he let drive, and evidently hit the old boy in the pouch, where he was carrying his dinner. He at once expressed his annoyance by discharging the whole bag of stinking fish, which fell straight into Fazakerly's face, who dropped his gun, called the pelican some dreadful names and yelled for his gillie. After this the subject of pelicans was ever distasteful to him. After the landing at Metika, where we got a good ducking in the heavy surf, we started after cock. The country was tolerably open, studded with bushes, thorn and small copses, and intersected by little streams. We went off in pairs with our gillies, and soon found the cock were in. Almost every bush held one or two birds, and the bags grew fat and heavy. Bear in mind that we were using muzzle-loaders, as breech-loaders were not invented, or the bag would have been one-third larger. On rejoining the ship we found that our bag comprised 161 woodcocks, 10 hares, 2 quails, 4 snipes, 2 ducks, 1 plover, 1 eagle, 1 horned owl—182 head. The eagle I secured in the following manner. We assembled for lunch near a small wood of some forty acres. On starting again the beaters went through the wood, the guns on the front and flanks. I elected to remain behind and take the stuff that broke back. I planted myself under a huge dead oak, lit a pipe and waited. In a few minutes I heard a rush of wings overhead, and looking up saw an eagle alighting on the top of my tree. I instantly shot him, and he fell on his back in front of me. When I went up to him, I found that he had only a broken wing, but was in a very bad temper and went for me beak and claws. I did not want to spoil his beauty, so after a moment's reflection I took out my flask, and having unscrewed the top, I pinned him down with the muzzle of the gun on his throat, which made him open his mouth; I then poured a good tot of whisky down his throat, and awaited the results. In a few moments he became very drunk, jumped up, ran about and toppled head over heels in the most comical manner, till I hit him with the loading rod and ended his career. The next day, the 18th, we got 164 woodcock, 9 hares, 1 falcon. On the 19th rain fell heavily all day, but Methuen, Barrington and I landed after lunch, and got 40 woodcock, 2 hares, and 1 duck. The rest of the party went into the marsh, but only got 1 goose and 2 duck. The 20th rain all day, only got 5 duck, 1 hare, 1 raven. The 21st heavy rain all day. Landed at 3 p.m., in the marshes, where the water was 2 ft. deep. One had to select tufts of spear grass to stand upon; we got 22 ducks (7 different species) and 2 geese. A flock of many thousand geese passed high overhead. We met on the Luro a party of Turkish officers from a gunboat, also after duck. Their armament was curious one possessed a bell-mouthed brass blunderbuss, flint and steel. The 22nd was fine and we had a good day for the last of our trip—195 woodcock, 8 hares, 1 hawk and 1 bittern. Our total bag was 638 head. Three wet days largely diminished our bag of cock, which totalled 560. Our French cook supplied us with woodcock soups, pies, jellies, etc., and our crew fed on the same delicacies. The next morning we weighed anchor and returned to Corfu, our delightful trip at an end. When our anchor dropped we had over 300 woodcock hanging in the rigging for distribution among our many hungry friends.—F. MORTON EDEN.

[Further notes on Shooting will be found on our later pages.]

## ON THE GREEN.

### THE PROFESSIONAL IN ENGLISH AND IN SCOTTISH GOLF.

By F. KINLOCH.

SOME time ago a writer in a contemporary, when discussing the entries for the open championship, animadverted somewhat strongly on the poor support Scotland gave to the professional golfer, as judged by the paucity of entries from Scotland. True, he said, many of the leading professionals are of Scottish nationality, but to all intents and purposes they have deliberately discarded it and abandoned their domicile, because in the legitimate pursuit of their profession they find it pays them better to do so. This is a rather remarkable state of matters, and it is worth while endeavouring to discover why so few Scottish professionals stay in the land of their birth. Possibly it is because in a way golf is a different game in Scotland in so far as it appeals to a very much larger class of the community. In England, though there are thousands of golfers, it is, as a rule, only a game for the comparatively well-to-do, while in Scotland it is much more of a democratic game—a game of the people, for the poor as well as for the rich, and it follows that there is less money spent on it and necessarily less to be made out of it. The artisan golfer in Scotland is an accepted fact; indeed, it would be no great surprise if the winner of this year's amateur championship were to come from one of the many artisan clubs of Fife or Forfarshire. Again, almost every clerk in the big towns is a golfer, and spends his holiday at a golfing resort. These men have been golfers from their youth up, they are self-taught, they carry their own clubs, often picked up second-hand. What need have they of a professional? And yet it may be said that they form the backbone of the game in Scotland. In England, on the other hand, golf has as yet only touched the fringe of the vast army of clerks, and though there are a good many working men's clubs, it can hardly be said that the artisan golfer exists in England. There are two reasons why golf is a democratic game in one part of the United Kingdom and not in the other. One is the existence in Scotland for many years of courses which are, to all intents and purposes, public, and the other is the mode in which golf was first set going in England; and in this connection it must be remembered that it is still quite a young game south of the Tweed.

To revert to the first point. From time immemorial golf has been played free at St. Andrews; Gullane used to be also free of charge, while on many other courses the charge was so small that it did not touch even a working man's pocket, especially if he belonged to a club, membership of which would make him free of green money. For a long time private courses (with the exception of Prestwick) were virtually unknown. As golf became more and more popular it was recognised by many municipal corporations that it would be to the advantage of the community to provide public golf courses. Thus Edinburgh acquired the Braid Hills, now perhaps the most frequented links in the world, no fewer than 85,000 tickets for play having been issued last year. It has indeed been a boon to the citizens, and many a working man goes up to the "hill" in summer-time at four o'clock in the morning for a round before his day's work. This example was followed by St. Andrews. Musselburgh took over the management of its course, and now North Berwick has acquired a large tract of land east of the town and is laying out a corporation links. All this tends to the popularisation of golf among the poorer classes. There are signs of municipal golf in England, and J. H. Taylor is emphatic in his declaration that it must come. Already Bournemouth has two courses, both (unless I am mistaken) municipal, Nottingham has a town course and an artisans' club, and Brighton is proposing to follow the example of North Berwick. All these undertakings are straws to show which way the wind blows. But the popularisation of the game of golf does not necessarily tend to the pecuniary advantage of the professional. When the big clubs in Scotland were driven to private courses of their own, they did not engage a professional. Men who had learnt from their youth up have no use for him either for instruction or play; and thus very few professionals have their habitat under the auspices of a Scotch golf club. It may be said that Andrew Kirkaldy lives at St. Andrews. So he does, but he has no connection with the Royal and Ancient. Ben Sayers likewise has his headquarters at North Berwick, but it is very seldom that he is seen playing with the members of the local clubs, though he finds a profitable business in playing with and instructing the English visitor. True, Charlie Hunter (second only to "Old Tom" in the estimation and respect with which he is regarded) is very closely connected with the Prestwick Golf Club, but he is *sui generis*, a character of the first water, and absolutely independent in word and deed of the members. Archie Simpson, again, is the local professional attached to the Royal Aberdeen Club, and his position approximates more closely to that of the professional in England. Still, it is more to his business as a clubmaker than to that as a player or teacher that he devotes himself. Herein lies the

fundamental difference between English and Scottish golf clubs, and it is attributable to the manner in which the golf boom first started in England twenty years or so ago. In those days, few in England knew the game. If a golf club was started in a certain locality, a professional was needed to lay out a course and teach beginners the elements of the new game. Hence the rise of the professional golfer to the heights he has now attained. Twenty years ago the best of the "pro.s" was little better than a glorified caddie, and nothing can illustrate the wonderful change that has come over their social status better than the remark made by Andrew Kirkaldy at a recent championship: "I've seen the night a sight I never looked to see—a professional in dress claes." The professional was taken up in England, bowed down to as he never would have been in Scotland, and his dicta were quoted as law. Money flowed in to him, for he occupied his time in teaching the beginner whose means generally allowed him this luxury. As golf clubs increased they began to get almost jealous of the reputation of their professional; and now the professional is an absolute necessity to every club "down South" which can arrogate to itself the slightest pretence at being considered among the *élite*. As a rule, *qua* greenkeeper or even *qua* clubmaker, he is of little use unless—and this is of rare occurrence—he has had some technical education in the cultivation of grasses; he has either to be superintended by the secretary and green committee in his management of the links, or else (at double expense) a man, quite apart from the professional, is selected whose sole work is to look after the links. As regards clubmaking—which is a knack, almost a gift, vouchsafed to very few—it is safe to say that most of the clubs bearing the name of well-known professionals have been made by underlings who have gone through a thorough training in the clubmaking line. Again, how different is it in Scotland! A greenkeeper is, of course, a necessity—but from what class is he chosen? As a member of green committee in two big clubs, when the post of greenkeeper became vacant, I am qualified to say that the professional golfer was never even thought of. What was aimed at was to get a first-class gardener, a man who had made the recuperative power of Nature his especial study. Thus at St. Andrews we find Hamilton, who had previously made his name by his successful restoration of the pristine glories of North Berwick links, which had fallen on evil days through pure mismanagement. Hamilton is no golfer in the proper sense of the word, no more is the present greenkeeper at North Berwick; but he was one of Messrs. Sutton's best men. The same holds good at Muirfield, at Barnton; indeed, at most of the Scottish clubs.

The one drawback of the system of appointing a gardener as greenkeeper, is that he has to be kept strictly under surveillance by the secretary or the green committee. He hankers to produce a soft luscious turf, beautiful to the eye, but not what the soul of the golfer desires. Therefore he must be watched; but he is of more use in keeping the green than the man who knows when the green is good, but does not know how to bring it to this perfection. It comes to this, that the young professional golfer should, if he wishes to succeed in his profession, have early lessons in practical gardening, especially seed-growing and manuring. The Scotch method, which has already been adopted by many English clubs, is simpler, more practical, less expensive. They dispense with the luxury of an attached professional, whose chief merit is that he is a good player and coach, and engage instead a good gardener.

MR. JOHN BALL.

A GREAT many more surprising things might happen than that Mr. John Ball should yet again, this year, win the amateur championship. It has been twice won by older men, and, looking through all the good matches which have been played lately at Hoylake and on the neighbouring Lancashire greens, we do not find that anyone has been quite holding his own with him. Several times he has been beaten in foursomes, but that is something like another story. When he was "on his own" he always was just a little too good for the other man, whoever he might be. This in itself says a deal for the consistent goodness of his golf. Then at the Lytham St. Anne's meeting he won the medal with play which, as I am told, except that he dropped a stroke on each of the first three putting greens (which is quite like what he used to do in his old, best days), was "faultless." These three lost strokes are but small drawbacks in comparison with so big a word as faultless applied to golf, and how small is well shown by the fact that his score of 73 on this occasion was only a stroke above the record for the green. If one had to take one against the field as a likely winner, one need not look much farther.

MR. HILTON.

On the other hand, it is quite like the good old times come back again to read the name of Mr. Hilton at the top of the list on the first day for the Hoylake spring medal, with Mr. Graham in close attendance, with fine scores of 77 and 78 respectively. And where, for the moment, was Mr. John Ball? I do not know. But this one must feel—that even without him these two first and second are reminiscent of days when between the three above named the Hoylake medals were kept in a very close borough, and it was hard for outside competition to get a look in at them. The following medal day they let in one who has always had just about the next claim to

admission into the most select golfing circles at Hoylake—Mr. C. E. Dick. Mr. J. Graham and he tied on this second day at 78, and at the time of writing I have not heard the result of the tie, if played off. Mr. Hilton and Mr. A. J. Graham were close after them at only a stroke more. So it looks as if Mr. Hilton, too, might again be dangerous among would-be champions.

#### IRISH LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

Miss May Hezlet had seemed to be playing so steadily, and winning all her matches so consistently, just before the Irish ladies' championship, that it was rather surprising that she went down to Miss Magill. The match was won by a single hole. This was in the fourth heat of the tournament, and already her sister, Miss Violet Hezlet, who had returned the best single-round score in the qualifying play, had been defeated. The Irish ladies' championship hardly seemed like itself without their name in the concluding heats. In the semi-final Mrs. Fitzgibbon, who had beaten Miss Violet Hezlet, met Miss Magill, the victor of the sister and holder of the championship title. Their match was very closely fought, the round ending in a tie, and Mrs. Fitzgibbon winning only at the nineteenth hole. In the other semi-final heat, Miss Walker Leigh had a tight match also with Mrs. Lionel Jackson, so that in the final the meeting was on fairly equal terms. Miss Walker Leigh, however, had an easy win by four and three. Miss Leigh has twice before been in the final of the Irish ladies' championship and once with Miss Rhona Adair in the final of the ladies' open championship.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### GOLF PRIZES.

WHEN the first thrill has passed of seeing Bogey metaphorically torn and bleeding at his feet, the fortunate winner of a golf prize must often have speculated on the motives of the donor or selector. On what grounds is a spoon, by a species of legal fiction, regarded as a monthly medal, while a button is thought to be appropriate to the winner of a second-class Bogey competition? No player, however assiduous, can hope to provide spoons enough for any save the smallest of dinner parties; nor are large plated buttons, decorated with crossed clubs, sufficiently fashionable to encourage medal winners to walk abroad wearing the evidence of their achievements. At the same time, there is something to be said for the button-cum-spoon school of prize. They are comparatively useless, and that is a step in the right direction. The lengths that can be reached in the other direction are well illustrated by an account of a meeting at a well-known foreign course which I read the other day. It ran somewhat as follows: "Mr. So-and-So, with a magnificent score of so much, won not only" (not, as one would expect, the scratch prize) "the beautiful silver fruit basket, the gift of the president, but also the gold cigarette case studded with diamonds" (I draw on my imagination for details), "the gift of the patron, Prince Florizel of Bohemia." This last-named prize was presumably for some handicap competition, but we are left entirely in the dark as to that, and it is only by a concession that we are even told the winning score. Could degradation go further?

I am well aware that this protest is perfectly futile. The families of the fortunate winners rejoice over the fruit baskets, and regard their acquisition as some compensation for the frequent and protracted absence from home of the acquirer. A mere medal, however good the score that won it, would have practically no value as an atonement, while the return of a challenge cup to the club appears to the female mind to be utterly inconsistent with the elementary principles of justice.

At the Cambridge University Golf Club, in the writer's time, the prizes were Spartan in their simplicity. There was a challenge cup for a scratch prize, but the club, being in financial difficulties at the time, could not afford to give the winner any form of memento. The honour and glory of having his name inscribed on the cup's curious funnel-shaped cover was the victor's sole reward for playing a round with a card and pencil on the muddiest course in Europe. Here was a noble example set, even if compulsorily—one cannot expect it to be followed; but, at any rate, it would be a great thing if prizes were confined in practice—I do not mean by law—to medals, with a dispensation in favour of cups and bowls. It is not an easy thing to do a good score with a card and pencil, and the doer deserves great credit; the oftener he does it the more credit he deserves, and, by all means, let him have medals galore for it. No one will have a word to say against him; but let him accumulate fruit baskets, and the gorge of common golfing clay rises at the prospect. It is not the succession of good scores, but the succession of repulsively ugly biscuit tins thereby acquired, that causes the successful score player to be dubbed "pot-hunter" by his less skilful brothers. This opens up another branch of the subject. If we must have dishes and baskets, let them be adorned as little as may be with embossed representations of golf balls, and let them be objects which a reasonable person can put to a reasonable use. The writer has, perhaps, been unfortunate, but he has never been able to think that a silver-mounted hand-glass is an appropriate prize for a male foursome competition, wherein the winners will not presumably be gifted with back hair; nor, in point of fact, does one wish to write with a pencil case made in the image of a fishing-rod driver. Candlesticks, again, are none the better for being ornamented

with laurel wreaths and intertwined hockey sticks. These hockey sticks the misguided artist fondly imagines to be a faithful delineation of thoroughly up-to-date clubs.

At many meetings the custom now is to give the winner an order for a certain amount whereby he purchases what he pleases, and this is, perhaps, the best solution of the difficulty. Everyone can then get what he at least thinks ornamental, or, if he prefers it, he can select something which may possess the advantage of being useful. A winner at a Welsh championship meeting once sent in to the secretary a voucher for his prize-money expended beginning as follows: "Six pr. socks," and going on to catalogue other garments equally useful. Now there is something essentially evanescent about a sock, which renders it hardly a suitable prize. It can, it is true, bear the owner's name in marking-ink, but hardly an inscription to commemorate the achievement that earned it. The whole subject is fraught with difficulty. And alas! human nature is so frail, that if we win a butter dish of even passable appearance, our view of the pot and its hunter undergoes at once a subtle, but perceptible, variation.

B. DARWIN.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS v. WALTON HEATH.

A TEAM of eight Parliamentary golfers played a match against Walton Heath on Saturday, and were beaten on the day's play in singles and foursomes by  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  points. The Walton Heath team was a very strong one. Mr. Edward Blackwell was pitted against Mr. F. H. Newnes, M.P., and a small gathering of spectators followed the foursome in the afternoon just to see Mr. Blackwell's magnificent long game. He found Mr. Newnes a little off his usual sound game, especially off the tee, and the result was that Mr. Blackwell won both the match and the bye. Mr. H. W. Forster, M.P., found a very tough and brilliant opponent in Mr. Martin Smith, Mr. Herbert Fowler and Mr. Mitchell-Thomson, M.P., halved, Mr. Michie won a good match against his opponent, his putting being extremely good, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P., beat Mr. Barker Bennett, and Mr. Emsley Carr also scored a win against Sir Thomas Parkyns. Mr. A. Bonsor and Mr. P. Barlow, M.P., halved, and Mr. W. S. Anderson scored both the match and the bye against Dr. Rainy, M.P. The green was in splendid order.

#### BRAID v. VARDON AT LEATHERHEAD.

The Surrey Club at Leatherhead, of which Mr. G. E. Tabor is the captain, invited these two renowned professionals to play an exhibition match over this comparatively new course on Saturday. There was a goodly company present to see the play, and it had been arranged that Mr. Balfour should act as referee in the match. But an engagement hindered Mr. Balfour from reaching the links until the luncheon interval. Braid and Vardon had an interesting and close match. At the sixth hole Braid was two up; and this was the state of the game at the turn. But Vardon began to "consolidate" and to putt with extreme accuracy, with the result that he won the tenth, eleventh and twelfth holes in succession through his superiority on the green. Vardon now stood one up with six to play; but Braid squared the match at the thirteenth hole. Vardon, however, got a lead of a hole at the fifteenth, and, as the three remaining holes were halved, he defeated Braid by a hole. In the afternoon, Mr. Balfour joined Mr. G. E. Tabor, the captain, in a foursome against Dr. Dove and Mr. Le Blanc Smith, the last-named winning by two and one to play. Braid and Vardon had also a foursome with Mitchell, the local professional, and his brother from St. Leonards.

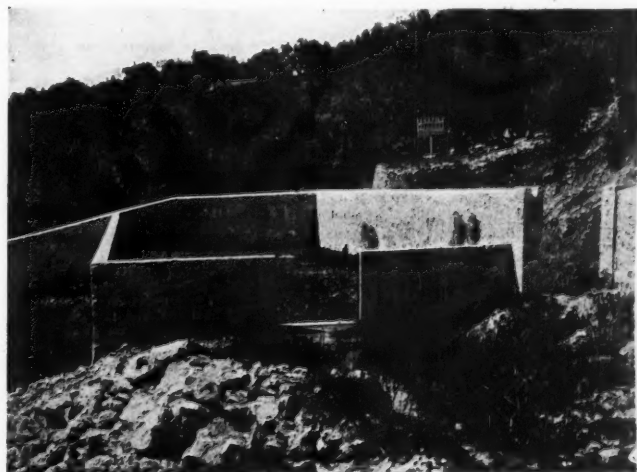
A. J. ROBERTSON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

#### ANOTHER SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with great interest the clever sketch, "A Seeker After Truth," in last week's COUNTRY LIFE, inasmuch as I myself, last time I was at Monte Carlo, went through much the same grimly entertaining experience as that described by the authoress. I was repeatedly told that there existed no such thing as the Suicides' Cemetery; but I found it, all the same, and (as the enclosed print testifies) photographed it. As the picture shows, there is *terrain à vendre* immediately adjacent to the wall of the cemetery,





RIVEN ASUNDER.

indeed, actually overlooking it; and one wonders whether any enterprising builder proposes to erect villas with so melancholy an outlook. The said villas, as a matter of fact, would command one of the finest views on the Riviera; but the foreground would be, to put it mildly, depressing.—WARD MUIR.

## THE CASE FOR AND AGAINST THE ROOK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent's letter on the rook in last week's paper is most interesting. Of course one swallow does not make a summer, and this isolated case has little weight against the thousands of cases on which scientific observers have founded their verdict that this bird has so changed its habits as to do more harm than good. Still, the habits of birds and animals vary in different localities, and if this case has gone in its favour, why may not others? Only a great number more will have to be examined to make any deductions drawn of any value. It is hard to believe that any living thing has not its duty in the scheme of the universe and fulfils it.—L. T.

## THE PURITY OF CIDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was glad to see the line a letter in your last issue took on this subject. It is the fashion to believe, both in the case of wine merchants and cider merchants alike—to say nothing of brewers—that the presence of a skilled chemist on the staff necessarily implies a deterioration in the quality of the beverage manufactured. Now surely this is a short-sighted view. Let me give an instance from my own personal experience. I know of one gentleman whose house has been supplied for the last twelve years by a firm of cider-makers whom quite frequently I hear accused of producing stuff which is not pure cider at all. This gentleman has a tendency to gout, and if he drinks anything else for a week invariably finds the joints of his thumbs beginning to tell tales. As long as he sticks to this particular "dry" cider all is well. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Of course the connoisseur must be judged apart. He, having set up a certain standard for his palate, spends his life in living up to it for the pleasure it yields him, whether the rest of his body has to pay for it or not. The great drawback to the spread of cider drinking in this country is the desire for sweet cider, which, it is hardly too much to say, is never as healthy stuff to drink as the "dry."—B. V.

## OAK TREE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The oak shown in the photographs—a tree some 45ft. to 50ft. high—stood in a field about half a mile from The Hall, the seat of Sir W. St. A. Rouse Boughton, Bart. The land in that part of the property on which the oak stood would appear to attract lightning in an unusual degree, this being the third instance of trees or animals being struck there in quite recent years. Possibly this is caused by an outlying crop of Dhu stone, of which there is a great quantity in this part of Shropshire. The first photograph shows the trunk from quite close, and especially the



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singular manner in which the wood has been absolutely dried and splintered. The other photograph gives a view of the whole tree taken from a distance. Pieces of trunk and branches weighing over 2cwt. were thrown to a distance of 50yds. over the hedge into the ploughed field beyond (shown in the photograph), while the hedge and surrounding ground were strewn with some very large pieces.—C. I. RICHARDS, Downton Hall, Ludlow.

## THE CARNIVOROUS FIELD-MOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should like to hear your opinion on an incident of wild life which I witnessed a few days ago and which I think should not pass unrecorded. I was walking along an old disused cutting in the woods here, when, happening to observe a slow-worm wriggling across the path, I stopped to look at it. Suddenly a long-tailed field-mouse dashed out from a hole beneath a stone close at hand and viciously attacked the reptile near its tail, which immediately broke off. This was due, no doubt, to the power possessed by slow-worms, in common with other lizards, of parting with the tail under the influence of sudden fear by a contraction of the muscles. The mouse went off towards his hole with the tail in his mouth, and I then bent down and caught hold of the tail. The mouse was not the least frightened, but pulled hard to regain possession of the tail, and it was not till I picked him up that he let go of his prey. When I put him down he did not run away, but began scenting about on the ground for the slow-worm, which had now wriggled some yards away. He soon found it and again attacked, biting it

on the back and head, and in spite of its struggles began to drag it towards its hole. I then killed the slow-worm, placed it some distance away and went off to fetch some friends. When I returned rovin, later the mouse had dragged the slow-worm near his hole and was busy eating it. When I touched him with my finger he simply smelt it and then went on eating. In the end I took the slow-worm away and the mouse disappeared down the hole. I have looked up many authorities, but can find no record of the long-tailed field-mouse being carnivorous, except that it occasionally devours its own young. Its usual food is grain and nuts. Mr. Aflalo states that it has been known to eat putty. It is also usually a very timid animal. I should like to have an explanation.—W. H. P. SAUNDERS.

[All our small rodents, even in the wild state, will occasionally take animal food. The field-mouse, we are told, is partial to meat during the periods of gestation and lactation. There is, therefore, nothing very surprising in its attacking so helpless a creature as the slow-worm, although the fact observed by our correspondent is well worth recording. The slow-worm has not the power of parting with its tail under the influence of fear or otherwise. Autotomy has not been observed in lizards. The tail was, no doubt, broken when seized by the mouse.—ED.]

## OLD-TIME CUSTOMS AND BELIEFS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers explain the origin of an odd custom which still lingers in some parts of this county on May Eve, popularly known in consequence as "Nettlesome Night"? Boys run about with bunches of nettles with which they endeavour to strike the faces or bare hands of anyone they can meet, and then run away to escape chastisement. Another odd form of rural wit consists in sewing nettles inside the sleeves of dresses, coats, shirts, etc., and placing them in the beds so that they may sting the feet of the victims of this most unpleasant custom when they retire to rest. Nobody seems able to give the least explanation of the practice, which is, I think, peculiar to Cork. Here, as in most parts of the three kingdoms, country-folks have a profound belief in the virtues of nettles as an article of food at this season, and from early in March till the end of May the young shoots are gathered and boiled as greens, or converted into a drink which is supposed to be excellent for purifying the blood and beautifying the complexion.—MAUD E. SARGENT, Cork.